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VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1776.

Choice Poetry.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY HELEN IRVING.

ey tell me that the buds have burst,
That Summer's feet are on the hills,
r joy is flashing all the Heavens,
And sparkling from a thousand rills:

ey say the grass is moist and green,
And king-cups golden all the dell,
nd swinging round its tempting leaves
The silent, silver lily-bell.

y feet are on the upland path,
The morning light around me lies—
ut can I deem the summer here
Without the sunshine of thine eyes?

he light leaf shadows gaily dance,
But not as when in months ago
hey wavered on thine upturned brow,
And shed amid thy locks' dark flow.

he murmuring pine the south wind stirs,
In mockery sounds the olden tone
hat filled the pauses of thy voice,
When love's low utterance claimed thine own.

ut what are all the wilding flowers
To those once twined about my hair—
he withered buds thy lips have pressed
Bloom to my memory thrice as fair!

he oriole's music harshly jars
The song, that soft, with folded wings,
he nightingale within my heart
Through all this night of absence sings.

ithin my heart! The light and bloom
A wave of morns like this may wear,
re pale as days of dawning spring
Before the tropic summer there—

hose dreamy eyes Hope's blossoms stir,
And Memory's golden frost discloses,
hile folding all its waiting world
Thy love like tropic moonlight glows!

Original Novelet.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

Cloud with a Silver Lining.

STORY OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

EN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARY IRVING.

ed according to the Act of Congress, in the year by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

ROGER AND ELSIE.

is of no use, I tell you, Nancy! no use uade me!"

cy Selwyn, a few years older than when t left her, was kneeling beside a large nailed hair trunk, into which she was g the wardrobe of a young officer of the ental Army. For such the blue and iform, the epaulettes, and other equip, proclaimed the tall young man who upright and determined before her.

have thought upon it long enough—and tried every other alternative; and, y, this is the only step left us! Elsie is heart and pining away. I will not leave the grief of suspense, or to the possi of being forced into a marriage with one she cannot love!"

ut—what can you do with her as your You cannot take her to the Cambridge and you surely will not stay—"

o! not yet! My country before all else!" exclaimed the youth, with a smile of exultation and enthusiasm. I have this hour finished my recruiting , and Monday morn will find me again post by our General's side—Heaven him! But I must have Elsie my wife, er she remain with you or return to her father, who only on this point has ever ted her wishes."

nd what reason can he give—has he ! Surely—"

am a republican—nameless—fortune" returned the youth, with a proud but smile. "Is not that enough for the heir of the Brownells? But the point is refusal which has aroused me to defi is: that he, who befriended my youth I sought no patronage, and received me y as your supposed son, should, upon the very of the truth, have treated me as an outcast, a base-born villain? What has he to charge me with imagined y disgrace? How knows he that I have blood in my veins proud as his own—aye, y be prouder, if tales are true!"

ently, Roger! listen to no words of scan It seems to me there is no obstacle here h might not be removed by patience and "

Patience and faith be—left to better peo To say nothing of myself, I have no pa ce with the despotism which would doom Elsie—yes, mine, by all the laws God has en in our hearts! to give her hand to an r, or to wear out her youth in a hopeless that would soon kill her!"

he changing cheek of his listener checked vehemence. He stooped and kissed it.

Forgive me, Nancy!—I ought to have more considerate—I should have remem d—"

I do not shrink from the remembrance," said, with 'a smiling and a sigh.' "The ulness of my youth' has brought me a womanhood!"

And a life that makes all other lives py, surely," said Roger, in that softened which comes so touchingly sometimes the lips of the young and headstrong, n the chord of gratitude is touched.

Turn sideways—so," he suddenly remark "I declare—it is a resemblance."

What?"

Your face and Elsie's! I always thought —and now I see it more clearly than ever! the profile, I think."

That is strange, really," said Nancy, as again bent to place a pile of shirts and ks, "for Elsie has always cherished a no that you and I were strikingly alike!"

And so we are in some features—eyes and r," said Roger, glancing at the mirror. "Association makes people alike, I tell her." "I wonder then that she is not the image of great red dragon, her very grandfather! I l you, Nancy, I will never leave that girl in power!"

"I will not oppose you, Roger, if her free ent is given; so you say, she is eighteen the morrow. What plans have you med?"

"I have laid them before Mr. Searl—and ugh he demurred, he will not refuse his co eration, if yours is given."

"How, when and where is this to be one?"

"Listen; I abhor clandestine proceedings thoroughly as you possibly can; and though have been obliged to manœuvre through the liminary forms, my marriage shall be open before the face of day and of the whole world. To-morrow afternoon, in the village church, here her grim guardian may, but will not ap ear, shall Elsie swear, before God, angels, n,—aye, and devils, if need be—to be mine nly until death doth us part."

The morrow came—and the hour. Pale and shivering, yet nerved to resolution by the gaze which she felt was upon her, Elsie had sat through the long sermon, hearing no word; thinking only of the scene that was to follow. Old Margery at her side—a creature too weak to be either trusted or trusted in any emergency, observing that she seemed ill, had taken it upon herself to send to the house for the carriage—although Elsie had insisted upon walking to church.

The last word of the discourse had fallen from Mr. Searl's lips. There was a silence—intense—suffocating to three hearts in that assembly. A moment the minister bowed his white head upon his hands; then stood up and spoke slowly:

"Roger Henry Selwyn—and Elsie Cunninghame—who desire to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony—present yourselves before me!"

An electric start ran through the congregation. Old Margery, with parted lips, sprang to her feet; the deacons gazed up at their minister as though fearing he had parted with his senses. Dame Davenport grasped the arm of her daughter Bertha, and demanded in a tone loud enough to be heard through the church,

"What does this all mean?"

Pale and trembling, Elsie steadily moved to her pew-door, where she felt rather than saw her hands grasped, the left by Nancy's—the right by his to whom her heart was vowed; and moved onward to the open space before the pulpit. Mr. Searl paused; gazed around, and then remarked,

"In defence of the almost unprecedented act which I am about to perform before you, my hearers, I must give you a brief synopsis of my views upon the nature of relative duties."

And he launched into a somewhat confused justification of the deed in hand, while Elsie stood trembling with agitation almost to fainting—and Roger mentally in the irreverence of impatience, muttered,

"Plague on his prating! will the man never have done?"

As he finished and turned to them again, the dull rumble of carriage wheels smote their ears. Elsie started, and convulsively grasped the arm upon which she leaned. She lifted to the pulpit a beseeching gaze, which seemed to say, "Quick—quick!"

Nancy gave one hasty glance, which told her that old Margery had left the church; and drew closer to her young friend, with heart beating time to hers.

"If any man or woman knoweth, or can show just cause or impediment whereby these two may not be lawfully joined together, I charge such to speak now, or forever after—"

"Hold! I speak!" It was thundered through the aisles—as a white-haired, tall, sinewy form, whose foot had not for years trod the place of prayer, strode forward to the group.

"Mr. Searl! go on!" passionately cried Roger.

But the clergyman, in much agitation, shook his aged head, and closing his book, stood silent.

"It matters not!" hastily exclaimed the young officer, rising to his full height, and grasping both the hands of Elsie in his own as he turned at bay. "Our union, even in the eye of the law, needs no sanction from yonder pulpit! nor is the will of her guardian an obstacle to one of age! Elsie! answer! Do you give yourself to me?"

"I do!" was rather shaped than spoken; but it reached the ear of the rapidly approaching old man, who sprung forward with a groan almost unearthly, and threw himself between them.

"Before Heaven and men we are—"

"Man—man!" hoarsely shrieked again the intruder, regardless of place or of listeners, "you know not what you do! Madman—oh, God!" His tone of sincere agony thrilled every heart. "Upon your head rest the consequences! I would have hidden this forever! but I must speak—she is your sister!"

"'Tis false!" broke from the young man's lips.

But Elsie, convulsively tearing herself from his arms, with one bewildered cry, fell apparently lifeless at his feet.

"Oh, Elsie! my child! the curse has fallen yet again. Oh! God knows I would have shielded you from it! Help! help her," cried the anguished old man, dropping on his knees, and feebly attempting to unfasten the lacings of her white satin boddice. He glanced imploringly up, and met the eye of Nancy Selwyn. "Will you not help her—you were her friend!"

"I will! bring water!" exclaimed Nancy, as she caught the cold hands in her own, and began to chafe them again into life.

"She breathes again—lift her to the carriage before she is conscious!" said she, in a few moments.

Roger Selwyn, who had been leaning against a corner of the pulpit like one petrified, started forward. Nancy laid her hand quietly on his arm.

"Go home—I am with her!"

The old man was playing no part now; that was too evident from his shaking hands, his incoherent ejaculations, and the heart-piercing tone in which he kept repeating, "Elsie! my child! my child!"

One strong shudder shook the frame of the young man. He grasped Nancy's hand with crushing vehemence—turned and left.

"Tell me—all—all!"

It was four o'clock on the following morning, and Roger Selwyn stood in the room whose floor he had madly paced all the night through. His trunk, tightly strapped, lay ready for removal; his hat and sword were at hand—he awaited but the last words of his boyhood's protectress. She had just come from the bedside of Elsie, who had passed the night in strong spasms.

She shook her head.

"She has been very ill, Roger, but is now calmer, and we hope!"

"Hope!" The bitterness of his tone was curdling to the blood. "Tell me only of—of—it cannot be truth! It is falsehood—worse! It is murder, cold-blooded murder!"

Nancy drew a heavy sigh.

"I know not, Roger. Let me tell you what the old man said. He hung like one mad about the bed of his grandchild, groaning and praying as only those can in sorrow who never pray in joy—until the doctor, saying that a little more excitement might be the cause of her death, fairly ordered him out of her room. I remained until I saw her calmed by opiates; then I sought him out. He was near the door—bowed down in one of his carved, crown-topped chairs. At my first word, he started, and raved for a moment, like one crazed.

"'Ha! Have you come to torment me before my time? Who are you? I did not call him! No—no! Oh, my child!' and recalling himself, he started up.

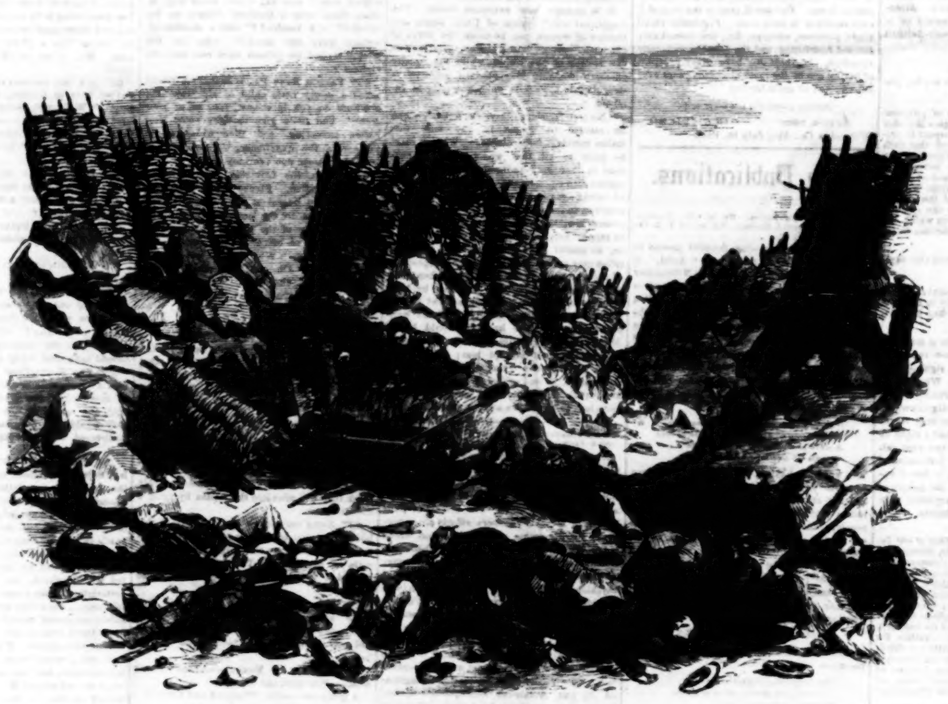
"'Be quiet, Mr. Brownell,' said I. 'Elsie is better, and I have come to ask you the meaning of all this!'

"'Truth! Do you think I would put her in her grave, as I once did—! but no matter for that—rather than give her to even my worst enemy, if this were not the truth. Woman, I know not whom you may be who look my soul through and through; but she is his sister—I know it; I have proofs enough!'

"'Give them to me! it is his right to ask them!' I demanded.

"'Not yet—not here!' repeated he, gazing nervously about him, and compressing his white lips. 'Is it not enough that I have acknowledged him as my most direct heir, in the presence of his townsfolk? Is it not enough that his name stands with Elsie's upon

Our Picture Gallery.



THE HORRORS OF WAR.

THE INTERIOR OF THE MAMELON ON THE 9TH OF JUNE.

The above real and true sketch, from the Illustrated London News, of the interior of the Russian battery as it appeared on the day after the desperate battle in which it was taken by the French, is from the pencil of an officer who visited the spot during the brief armistice which took place on that day. In the following letter to the News he describes what he saw:—

"In order that the thousands who see the News may be better able to form an idea of the struggle in which the army before Sebastopol is engaged, I send you a rough sketch representing part of the interior of the Mamelon, stormed and taken by our gallant allies the French, on the evening of the 7th of June. I drew each figure and object *as it really appeared on the morning of the 9th inst.*, at the moment a flag of truce was hoisted for the purpose of burying the dead, and before anything had been moved, or the crowd that is usual on these occasions assembled.

"On the parapet I have tried to represent the body of a young sergeant of the 6th Regiment of the Line, shot through the head, and firmly retaining in death his grasp of a small tricolor flag with which he had encouraged and led on his comrades. In the centre the bodies of one Lieutenant and six privates of the 6th Regiment; on the right, holding on to the top of a gabion, a private of the 50th Regiment, shot in the act of scaling the parapet. In the foreground, a Zouave prostrate on the body of his fallen foe, two Chasseurs de Vincennes, three soldiers of the 7th Regiment, and five Russians, in a mass together, shot and bayoneted; a corporal of the 50th, with a "Croix d'Honneur" on his breast, close to which he had received his death wound. And on the left of the sketch, a Chasseur Indigène, with two bayonet wounds in his breast; and two French soldiers crushed by rocks hurled down upon them by the enemy in his stubborn resistance; a dismounted and spiked Russian gun, Russian and French soldiers' caps, muskets, and bayonets, spades, pickaxes, round-shot, &c."

my will, sharer of my possessions—the landed property being entailed upon the male heirs of my grandfather? But think you I will see his face again? Never, while I live! He has wrought this work! Yet it is but the curse—the old curse!'

"'Give me his name, then, at least! Has he a lawful claim to the name of Cunninghame?'

"'Cunninghame? Ha! ha!' he chuckled, vindictively. 'Think you I will give up to you the one secret I have kept even from the winds of Heaven, lest they should whisper it, and she be—but no matter now. I have proofs; let him brave them if he dares! My child! my child!'

"I saw old Margery the nurse," Nancy went on, in her low, broken tones. "She knew but little of the child's history from her former nurse; that little, however, was corroborative. Elsie was brought from India when a babe. Of her parents—"

"Speak not of them!" sternly exclaimed Roger, starting up. "It is enough! I was a fool to doubt—I am a fool to listen! His grandson! when not a drop of my rebellious blood but has disdained him from its infancy! Her brother! when not a throb in all my heart-pulses that have beat through long years for her, ever woke the gentle fountain of a brother's love! No! no! if God be true, and His law written on the heart be not a lie, then is Elsie still my bride—my wife! and in the face of the universe will I claim her!"

Nancy raised her eyes, dim with tears and watching.

"Trust in God!" she said, sweetly and solemnly. "He will make known in His own good time the hidden things! Meanwhile, it is well that you go hence. No reasoning could convince Elsie of the falsity of her grandfather's statement, after witnessing his agony in maintaining it! Some strange mystery lies coiled in his dark soul! Wait, and hope!"

He turned away slowly.

"Life has at least one duty left me; I go to fulfil it! Take care of her, and oh, Nancy—" He stopped, wrung her hand with his icy fingers, and took up his sword-belt.

"My boy, trust in God," again she pleaded, as she gave him the parting kiss.

"God? Who wrought this wreck of two innocent hearts?" bitterly exclaimed he; then, as if repenting the hasty irreverence, he exclaimed—"No, no! I reproach not Heaven; but ask no more from me now!"

And he was gone.

After that first night of tumult and grief, when once the light of reason had returned to Elsie's eyes, and the physicians had pronounced her likely to survive the shock, old Roger Brownell recovered his equanimity and reserve. He avoided the presence and questions of Nancy, or evaded the latter with a coolness which gave her no hope of obtaining further satisfaction. She soon learned from Margery that the family were to leave, as soon as Elsie's strength should be sufficient, for the vicinity of New York; it being now thought unsafe for notorious adherents to the crown to remain among the rebels of Massachusetts.

Nancy was permitted only once to see Elsie alone—the evening before her departure. She found her sitting listlessly in a pillowed chair, with a slight hectic in her cheeks, and glassy eyes, wandering vaguely over the fair prospect spread before the window.

"I have brought you a parting token, Elsie," said she, after vainly trying to arouse the poor girl from her half-paralyzed state of mind.

She held up the gold chain and cross which she had received when a child. It had cost her a strange pang to part with it.

"It was your aunt Elsie's gift to me—it is yours, by right, my dear girl. Let it be a comforter to you in reminding you that she, too, suffered!"

"What was her grief compared to mine! She had her—"

She would have added "husband," but her trembling lips refused to shape the word.

"And you have your reason, dearest Elsie!"

"Would to Heaven I had it not! I shall not have it long, I think—I hope not!" and, pressing her forehead, she relapsed into dreamy silence.

Nancy did not "break the bruised reed" by chiding her for exclamations of which she was scarcely conscious. She sat with the girl's hand in hers; and, looking into her face, told, for the first time fully, her own story of life-long mystery and sorrow, and patient waiting. As she went on, Elsie's eyes grew intent; then dim with sympathy. At the close, though Nancy's voice had faltered not once, her listener's head lay upon her shoulder, and Elsie wept tears that were balm to her own wounded heart.

"It will do you good, child; weep on!" said Nancy, folding her more closely.

"Oh, my friend! my more than mother!—would I could stay with you! But I must go; I fear, never to return here; for I see too plainly on which side is the right in this fearful war! My grandfather goes to New York to place himself and me under the protection of the Admiral; but my heart and my prayers are, and must be, with the brave Washington and his Continentals, in the camp at Cambridge!"

"Take heart, my girl! I have a right to say so to you, as one who has suffered not less than you have done; there is no night of sorrow without its star—no cloud without its silver lining!"

"I will try to think so—but it is so hard to live!" murmured Elsie.

Poor girl! this first trial of her life was a shock too great for powers little trained to endurance.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CURSE COMPLETED.

Once again clouds clustered heavily and darkly around the path of Nancy Selwyn. The school to which the hopes and energies of fifteen years had been given—where she had thought to find her life-task—had been broken up by the casualties of the war. The building was ransacked and robbed of its valuables by a marauding party of "regulars," and the work of years seemed undone in a few hours.

Her country's cause, too, was at its lowest ebb. Desperation, rather than hope, nerved the arms of the struggling patriots. The brave "boy," too, who, with a heart so sorely wrung, had gone from her into the midst of the strife, was wounded in a skirmish, captured, and, with a few other officers, conveyed to England. For a long time afterward she heard nothing of or from him, so many interruptions to correspondence were occasioned by the war.

In these hours of suspense, which would once have been hours of loneliness and grief, Bertha Davenport proved an inestimable treasure. Now, she repaid to her childhood's friend the kindness and care she had bestowed. Leaving all others to come to Nancy, she devoted herself to cheering and diverting her friend, whose health was beginning to succumb to her anxieties, though her heart was a well-spring of trust.

But news, sad news, came from the patriot camp, (now in New Jersey) to the quiet village. The soldiers were deserting—dying for want of suitable food and clothing. The effective force of the army was reduced to three thousand. Every spirit but that of the indomitable Washington was faltering. A strong cry arose from the hearts of those who first and most plainly felt the critical position of the colonies, and reached even the borders of the land: "Up! up! and be doing! or we are lost!"

Not only the stalwart men of the many inland towns responded, leaving, by hundreds and thousands, their ploughs and harvest-fields, to buckle on the musket and the cartridge-box; the women, too, with the sympathy and zeal of their sex, robbed their chests and wardrobes, gave up their jewels of gold, or jewels more precious still—for the aid of their country.

Nancy Selwyn, trusting to the popularity and influence which she had for years been establishing, conceived a new plan, and set about its accomplishment with all the energy of her nature. This was, to form and equip a fresh company of soldiers from that and the neighboring villages; by the persuasions and efforts of herself and Bertha. Together they went over hill and dale; sometimes in the wagon of a friend, sometimes on foot; rousing, stimulating, urging and collecting both men and means for their object.

They were successful—and it was a proud day for many, when, on the little green before the church at Wolff's Corners, the company stood drawn up for its departure. Wives, mothers, and children stood all about them; pale but undaunted. Here and there a sob might break forth—but was instantly stifled.

Mrs. Davenport, whose energy seemed redoubled in these trying times, stood out foremost, gazing with a mother's pride and anxiety upon her son, the captain of the little band.

"Let us commit unto the Lord of Hosts these our friends!"

And minister Searl knelt down with the sunlight resting like a glory upon his long silver hair, and prayed for those whose faces he might never again behold.

A banner, wrought by the skillful hands of Nancy, was unfurled, and by her given into the grasp of Capt Davenport. He raised it—flourished its folds aloft, and cried,

"Victory to the flag of our home and our country!"

A stunning shout from the soldiers echoed these words; and with beat of drum, the company began its long march to join the army.

Nor did the labors of Nancy and Bertha end with this. Hearing of the sickness and suffering in the winter camp at Morristown, they made new collections, and themselves took the long, weary journey to minister to their friends and townspeople. Bertha was sufficiently rewarded for this self-denying toil by the consolation of comforting the last hours of her brother who fell a victim to the small pox; dying the death of a Christian and a patriot.

His mother shed not a tear when she was told of his decease. Virago though she was, she had a heart capable of making a great sacrifice in a good cause.

"He met his death in serving his country!" said the stalwart matron. "It is all I could have wished! If I had *fifty* sons—and daughters, too, I may say—I wouldn't keep one of them back from George Washington!"

Their duty over for the time, Nancy and her friend returned to the cottage, to hope, to pray, and wait for the issue of the struggle. Nancy particularly busied herself in weaving the home-made cloth which was for years the only garb of all true patriots. She distributed this to the needy far and near; reserving a portion for the army. Many a young wife, or old mother, who would else have sunk under a burden too heavy, in those troublous years, owed to Nancy Selwyn a debt of gratitude not to be repaid in a lifetime.

"The Brownells have come back!" cried Bertha one morning early, bursting into Nancy's room.

"What new freak is this?"

The "freak" was soon explained. The old man, remorse-smitten and repentant at the eleventh hour, had come to the place of his birth, to make what feeble restitution he might—and then to die!

It was but the wreck of the once hale, erect figure that met the eyes of Nancy, when at Elsie's summons, she hastened to the great house.

His reception of her was strangely different from anything she had ever seen in him before. It brought tears to the eyes of Elsie, who, leaning over the bed's head, buried her sweet, care worn face in the curtains. She had been for months watching by her sick grandfather with untiring devotion.

"You will befriend my child when I am gone!" said he, after a time; "at least until—Elsie! leave us alone for a while!"

He followed her with sorrowing eyes as she went sobbing out, and proceeded,

"At least until her *brother* returns! If I have been correctly informed, he is a prisoner in the hands of the Government!"

"In England," said Nancy. "Then it was true!" she sighed in an undertone of despair.

"I have written to those who are influential, and can insure his exchange as soon as may be, should this war be protracted. When he comes he will find his portion of the estate ready to his hand. May he prove a better master than *I* have been! But you promise to care for Elsie!—*you promise!* whatever happen! whatever may be *revealed!*"

"I promise! *yes!*" returned the wondering Nancy.

"Miss Selwyn!" he began; and paused to wipe the great beaded drops from his haggard forehead; "this is no hour to temper with time, nor to delay the words that *must* be spoken before I can rest in my grave!"

He paused to cough and to recover breath. The great family Bible of his father, in its moth-eaten corners, after lying unopened during more than a quarter of a century, had at last found its way to his room and to his conscience. With tremulous fingers he turned the folio leaves to the "family record."

"Of *these* matters, dear madam, I speak to you for Elsie's sake. Judge of her grandfather as mercifully as may be, when you have heard! You see," he added, "my own name, written by my father's hand, which stands first in the family list. Of that father I have nothing to say; he awaits me in that world beyond. But he left me the guardian of his daughters by a second wife—Elsie and Evelyn; the latter a deformed but precocious child" (Nancy started with a vague remembrance), "the former more beautiful than words can tell. He left me this precious trust—and how did I acquit myself of it? In the university of Oxford I had everywhere met as a rival one gifted by Nature with princely powers. He took from me prizes—supplanted me in popularity—thwarted my plans; and at last won my lasting hatred by exposing a hare-brained scheme of mine, which was the cause of my expulsion from the college. I returned to America vowing vengeance against Henry Lyndhurst; and I executed it; but in so doing murdered my peace of mind.

"The French war brought him to these shores—a handsome, gay young officer. My sister Elsie, without my knowledge, made the acquaintance of this all-absorbing being. She was surrounded by adorers, foremost of whom was *your* minister, Searl, whom I scornfully slighted, as no mate for the daughter of a Brownell. That from all that throng, however, she should select *him*, my deadly enemy, was a thing I had no heart to forgive. I vowed that Elsie should *never* marry him. I might have foreseen the consequence. A secret marriage followed; soon after he was ordered off to the wars, and I thought to see no more of him. My consternation and rage when I found my sister about to add the name of mother to that of wife, cannot be told. In my fury I cursed her lover, (for the title of husband I wouldn't give him,) her child, and herself. I spurned her from my sight and roof; and giving her into the care of the Indian nurse, Tituwaka, a hard featured, harder hearted old woman, who had been child nurse to Evelyn in her infancy, I sent her to this house, which, as you know, had then and yet has the credit of being haunted by evil beings. It was for once, assuredly, tenanted by a spirit of darkness! What my sister or her babe there suffered, I know not. I only know that a little mound in the garden keeps the former—and that Elsie came back a raving maniac! The she-fiend who too fatally carried out my curse has never since crossed my path.

"It was a bitter hour when her husband stepped again over my threshold to claim the wife whom he had left in youth, bloom and beauty! At sight of that utter wreck, his spirit nerved itself to one withering, scathing imprecation—the first and last I ever heard from his lips. I felt that my curses had been flung back upon my own head. 'May you live to feel and suffer *this*, a hundred-fold!'

"He took the poor blighted thing—I could not deny him—and with her her sister Evelyn, who obstinately clung to her. After many journeyings, they went to his friends in England, and finally to India, where he filled a high official station. Elsie died in time—she had never regained her reason; and Evelyn at length took her place as the wife of Lyndhurst. Of her more anon.

"I was at that time married; and my only child, a girl, was nearly of Evelyn's age. All my hopes centred in Theodosia, my child." His voice faltered.

"The blow fell first upon my wife—without a moment's warning, direct from Heaven! The lightning struck her dead at my feet, upon the threshold of my dwelling!

"I did not wed again; and my girl grew up with wild, untutored instincts, yet a noble being. I was too harsh with her; constrained and compressed her nature until it rebelled. When very young, she eloped with the younger son of an English family, proud but poor. Soon after their arrival in England, finding themselves in straitened circumstances, and urged by Lyndhurst's example, they procured a situation of small pay and great hardships in the East India service. I heard but once from her in England; that was to tell me that she had a son whom she had named for his grandfather. But I threw the letter into the fire!

"She wrote me once again—*once!*" Lifting the lid of the Bible, he took out a yellow, time-worn letter. "Will you read it? My eyes have long been dim!"

Nancy took it from his hand and read. It was dated at an obscure city in inland India.

"MY FATHER!

"When you receive this, you will no longer have a child. Something tells me that I am not to survive the trial that is before me! I am alone here; my husband has been ordered to the frontiers, and cannot return until it will be too late for my voice to reach him! My poor George! But I have deserved it all! we were very wrong! Father, you are avenged! But, oh, father, we loved each other so, and I have never for my own sake been sorry that I married George; no, not even in this hour, when I find myself dying far away from him and from all whom I love!

"I was with Evelyn two years. I left our boy, sweet Roger, with her; but she is far away now. I followed my husband's wanderings until my strength failed, and he was forced to leave me in this friendless place. One soldier's wife—an Irishwoman—is very kind to me. She promises as soon as the regiment is ordered off (as is hourly expected), to take the child to England with its nurse; and to send it thence to America. I need not say why I do this, father; I cannot doubt your heart. Whether the child's father yet lives, or will live to reclaim it, I cannot know. Those terrible jungles—those merciless savages! Oh, I much fear it will be doubly orphaned ere its first look upon the sun! Be a father to it for my sake—and, oh—forgive ——— ———."

The pen had here dropped from the hand; the daughter had gone to her rest!

The little one—Elsie—had found her way safely over ocean and continent to her grandfather's home and heart. His late-awakened, remorseful affection had grown jealous in guarding its only treasure.

"I suppressed her surname," he went on to say; "this was easy, as I changed nurses, and gave her into the care of Margery, who had never known Hastings."

"Hastings!" repeated his auditor.

"*The name!*" he said, emphatically. "Roger Hastings, as I have for years had too much reason to believe, was the boy whom the unfortunate, widowed Evelyn Lyndhurst brought to this country; who was shipwrecked on the night of which Elsie has given me his own account. The names—the ages—the circumstances, all correspond; to say nothing of his marvellous likeness to some of our family ancestors. That diamond ring, now sparkling upon your finger, was the long-hidden gift of Lyndhurst to his first ill-fated love, and could have belonged to no other but her sister!" A fresh fit of coughing overcame him, and he sunk down exhausted.

"I had much more to say; but—to-morrow! and till then—pray for a sinful soul!"

Toward night, however, he sank rapidly. Waking out of a lethargy at nine o'clock, he seemed wandering, and so terrified at the face of Nancy, that she left him to the care of Mrs. Davenport, his watcher, and went to join Margery by the kitchen fire. Bertha had gone to summon Mr. Searl, sighing, as she went out—

"From such remorse as this, in the hour of death, 'good Lord deliver us!'"

"Ah-h!" shuddered old Margery, drawing herself down toward the coals; "if walls had tongues, who knows what one might hear this night? It's an awful thing to be under the roof with a dying man that's lived a hard life! and in such a house as this," she added, looking fearfully over her shoulder at her own flickering shadow. "Nancy's the sight I've seen, and sound I've heard, that no mortal could have brought about! Nought but Miss Elsie could have kept me for love or money! Why—bless you! ——— There! *there!* it is—it is again!" Springing to her feet, the hysterically grasped the arm of her guest.

"Hush!" whispered Nancy, though the sound woke fearful associations in her own breast; "hush! it is only a footfall!"

"'Tis no mortal footfall, I tell you; I have heard it before, when not a soul but myself was within these four walls! That room—it is locked, and I have the key! 'Tis the ghost—the ghost of the murdered chief!"

Nancy started up.

"No—no!—for your life stay!" cried the terrified woman.

"Let me go! I trust in God, and fear no ghost, by day or by night! Give me the key!"

She passed along the corridor, by the chamber of the sick man, whose groans smote her ear—and heedless of dame Davenport, who came rushing out, she laid her hand upon the latch of the haunted chamber. It was fast. She listened. Distinct as in that night of old was the slow, heavy step. She turned the key with a quick snap, and stood face to face with the Indian "witch!" Though bent and grizzled with age, she could never be mistaken by the eye that had once beheld her.

"Ha! ha! *Elsie Lyndhurst!*" spoke the hag, with a low, curdling laugh. "We meet here one time you never remember—two time—three time now! Tituwaka curse no more, when he lie still and cold! Ha! ha! Spirit of Owanokst! come back to-night! Vengeance comes!"

Heedless of the attempt to stop her, the tall, dusky figure strode straight to the sick man's chamber. Closely following, Nancy entered, in time to see him start from his pillow, with a face more livid than the grave-dust!

"Come, you—you hag-fiend! to torment me before my time? *Elsie* there, too? Oh, my God!"

"Ha!" sardonically gurgled the intruder. "Owanokst wait for you! White man! your hand, your father's son, struck down my chief, my lover, under this roof! *I* avenge him all my life! I bring curses on you and all yours! *I* haunt your house and way! I come to see you die!"

"Elsie! Elsie!" groaned the conscience-stricken man, "forgive!" He uncovered his eyes, and gazed, bewildered, into the face of Nancy. "Not Elsie!" said he, faintly. "*Who*—then?"

"Elsie's *child!*" savagely exclaimed the fierce woman. "Yes! her child! I make a grave! I hide her well! Her mother crazed—you cursed! Ah! man! you cast *him* out to die—the son to *your* father's brother! Davie wander up and down the hills; you take his land and money! Owanokst know too much—bring Davie here—tell you, you *villain!* You murder! but Indian girl never forget the vengeance!"

"*Stop*, woman!" cried Nancy, arresting her withered arm in its frightful menace. "If you are less than fiend, leave the dying alone! But tell me, in the name of your Great Spirit, if you have spoken the truth of me! How know you that my mother was Elsie Lyndhurst?"

"I put you in snow-heap—nice, warm!" chuckled the haggard woman. "I mark you well! see?" and Tituwaka, unfolding a tattered blanket, displayed among the ornaments of her tattooed skin an arrow, of singular shape, the fac simile of which, upon the babe Nancy, had sorely puzzled her adopted mother.

A tide of thought overflowed the soul of Nancy. First of all came the fervent thanksgiving—

"Thank God! I *have* seen my father and mother!"

The door opened, and Mr. Searl, entering with a quick step, laid his hand on the arm of the squaw.

"Come away!"

"Eh!" She turned on him her serpent eye, blinking as if with an evil spell. But the steady gaze of the good man abashed and unsettled it. "My curse! it is done!" she cried. "Never sun shine on *his* eyes more! Tituwaka go to Owanokst!" Gaunt and spectral she strode from the chamber.

"Do you know me?" asked Mr. Searl, approaching the bedside of the trembling old man, who once more feebly strove to rise.

"I know you—well!" gasped the sufferer. "You—loved Elsie! there stands her child!"

With a start, the minister dropped the clammy hand, and turned.

"My heart told it to me long ago—but my reason was faithless!" he exclaimed.

Nancy lifted her tear-swimming eyes to his for an instant, then motioned his gaze back to the dying man.

"I have—more to say! Oh! I cannot die, *yet!* I murdered—no! I would have murdered William Selwyn, mate of the———"

With startling vehemence at the unravelling of this second great mystery, Nancy sprang to his side, pale as though she, in his stead, awaited the great destroyer.

"*What of William Selwyn? Where is he?*" she demanded in hollow tones.

"Oh! is there any mercy for my crimes? We were on the high seas off the Barbary coast—in a shell of a boat—shipwrecked eight days! I would have killed him to keep life for a few miserable days more; but he woke—he saw my knife gleam, and fell over into the ocean, with only an oar in his grasp! That face! that upturned face! Oh, Heaven! it will never go from me! Minister, man of God! pray! *I cannot!* Owanokst! Elsie! Selwyn! have pity!"

Enough! It was over at last—the fearful struggle! its result sealed up in the Book which no mortal vision views! Elsie had been carried from the scene to her chamber but an hour, before the cold, grey morning broke.

Nancy, who, intensely agitated, had not thought of seeking sleep, mechanically wandered about the house. At length, in her aimless movements, she opened again the door of the haunted chamber.

There, bundled in her blanket, lay the almost skeleton form of the Indian woman—to tread no more the halls where she had wrought out a life's vengeance! Her fearful work over indeed, Tituwaka's vengeful spirit had left its battered tenement!

"A packet for ye, Miss Selwyn!" said the smiling Postmaster's wife, at the door, a few hours after. "A packet from over seas; and in the lad's own handwrite, too, if I mayn't guess wrong! I've one for Miss Elsie, too"—she added, turning to nurse Margery, "would you see it safe to her hand?"

"Ah, me! it's little the poor lass will be caring for letters *this morning!*" sighed old Margery, as she climbed up the resounding staircase.

Nancy, too eager for news of Roger to linger, had already hurried to her room, and torn off the seal. With a bounding heart she read:

"Rejoice with me, my first and kindest of friends! Thank Heaven, the truth is unmasked! the suspense and agony are over!

"I wrote you—but who knows whether, in these troublesome times, the letters have reached you—of the gallantry of young Capt. Hastings, my captor; and his consideration in saving my life, and rescuing my few effects from the clutches of his soldiers. His kindness did not end here; for, upon my being remanded to England, he wrote to his father, recommending me to his attention while in the old country. Unfortunately, Sir George Hastings was then absent in command of a ship of war in the Mediterranean, and did not until lately return to England. What I suffered for want of the common comforts of life while in the Government prison, I can hardly tell you; let me not dwell upon it now. My wound grew irritated; and when Sir George did at last appear, a fine, manly person, of rather melancholy mien—he insisted on removing me to private apartments, under the care of his own physician; representing to the authorities that my life depended upon the measure. It was found needful, though, to amputate my right arm below the elbow joint. Well! I can make my way through the world single-handed, now, by God's help!

"I bethought myself, soon after the operation, to make some inquiry of Sir George about the Cunninghames.

"'Cunninghame!' he repeated, his pale forehead flushing. 'I know none *living* of that name; but it is very familiar to me. It was the maternal name of my wife—Theodosia Cunninghame Brownell.'

"'Brownell!' It was my turn to exclaim and to start. 'Brownell of!—where!—how?'

"'It was in your country, that I met Roger's mother,' he began.

"'*Roger!*' I again interrupted.

"'We were both young, very young,' said he; 'I was penniless, except for the small pay of an ensign. It was a fool-hardy project—our elopement; and bitterly did we drink the cup of repentance! Packed off to India by my relatives, we were in time separated, first from our child, and then *from each other*. While I was lying wounded in the burning jungles, scorned by the half-clad natives, my poor wife died almost alone, in the barracks I had left. I returned to find the barracks deserted; and only a few stupid coolies to show me where she lay, with her dead baby on her breast.'

"'No!' I exclaimed, unable longer to restrain myself; for it must be—it could be no other! He gazed at me in wonder.

"'That babe?' I asked in a choked voice; for what right had I to excite expectations which might prove groundless?

"'I have no child but Roger; he was brought to England by a relative of Theodosia, widow of Lieut. George Lyndhurst; who, poor woman, was afterwards shipwrecked with her boy, and lost, as we had every reason to believe, off Cape Cod.'

"I could bear no more! I sprung from my bed like a madman, and caught him by the arm.

"'Her name—*her name!*' I shouted hoarsely.

"'*What!* Are you raving? Her name—it was Evelyn Lyndhurst; Evelyn Brownell by birth!'

"'Evelyn!' I repeated. The Past rolled like a flood over me, and I lost consciousness!

"Evelyn!—the mother, whose sweet name I had learned, no doubt, from my father's lips! Oh! joy that I am *her* son! that Elsie, my Elsie, is the lost daughter of Sir George! He has written her by this private opportunity; I, *too*, have written. Go to her, Nancy; let not the joy that has unmanned me shock her gentle heart too roughly. Go to her—tell her—but no! I have told her all!"

"Is Elsie in her chamber?" hastily inquired Nancy of the old nurse, whom she met, with water in hand, upon the stairs.

"Deed she is, Miss Nancy, and in a bad way, I'm fearful; for neither knock nor call of mine will she heed; and she's been too long with an empty stomach. I've a mind to break in, if she doesn't wake up soon."

Swiftly Nancy passed her, pushed open the door, and stole to the window.

There, on her knees, was Elsie; her pale face resting upon the open letter which she had been reading.

"Elsie!" softly spoke Nancy.

She did not move; only a convulsive quiver shook her slight frame.

"Elsie!"

She half-arose, and passed her hands before her eyes. Then, suddenly comprehending all, sank down in an overwhelming burst of tears, nature's sovereign safety-valves for excess of joy or grief. In a few minutes, growing calmer, she silently guided Nancy's eye to the concluding paragraph of her priceless letter.—

"Elsie, my *wife!*—this that no being in God's universe can now dispute! Elsie, suffering and change have come to me since we parted! I have lost the hand wherein I once grasped your dear, trembling fingers; but the heart that throbbed to that vow is as true as ever! Can I doubt yours? No, my own truest, dearest wife! would I might this moment fly to you! But as that cannot yet be—am I asking too much? does your own heart forestall the wish I write?—Elsie, come to me!"

"Will you go?" whispered Nancy, as she replaced the letter in the quivering hands.

Elsie struggled for calmness enough to speak; then, unfolding the letter, she pointed to a name near the commencement.

"My *brother!*" she said, with a glance of deep meaning, which Nancy at once comprehended.

"You are right, darling; we will set out next week to seek him in Lord Howe's exile at Philadelphia." (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LABORERS.—Place the small yeoman or farm-laborer of England by the side of the same class in America, and the contrast is great. The coarse, heavy clothes, the slouching, lumbering walk, rough speech and lifeless stolidity of the one do not appear in a favorable light by the side of the sharp, active, light-clothed, intelligent, inquisitive, and somewhat restless American. I have often sighed to think that the figure before me clad in fustian shooting-coat, plush waistcoat, knee breeches, gaiters, and half-boots, with a hundred weight of iron on the soles, was a fair specimen of the English "raw material."—Those who have been in America, will, I am sure, agree with me in this. Ascending a little higher in the social scale, there is less to reform, and there is less superiority. Still, the manners of the retail-dealer, easy and self-reliant, are a great improvement upon the cringing, humble servility often found in the shopkeeper at home. Among professional men there is not much difference. Education rubs down the salient angles everywhere; but I almost incline to think that in this class the scale would turn the other way. Really good society is not easy of access to a traveller in the United States. He must not only come well recommended, but must linger long upon his road. The hotel, the steamboat, or the rail, are not fair places to judge of national manners, particularly in a nation composed of such heterogeneous materials as this. Quiet, educated people in the Republic keep rather in the background, and such are to be found in all parts of the Union.—*English Writer.*

☞ A gipsy woman promised to show to two young ladies their husbands' faces in a pail of water. They looked, and exclaimed, "Why we only see our faces." "Well," said the gipsy, "those faces will be your husbands when you are married."

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA,
SATURDAY, AUGUST [illegible], 1855.
ALL THE ORIGINALS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00	"

Persons residing in British North America must remit twenty-five cents in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers in Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who choose to see this number of the Post, that it is now in its THIRTY-FOURTH year, and has between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers.

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of Mrs. Southworth, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison, Mary Irving, Emma L. Sproat(?), Alice Carey, Metta Victoria Fuller, &c. *Mrs. Southworth and Grace Greenwood will write for no other weekly paper.*

Among the original productions already engaged for the present year, we may mention

The Orphan Sisters(?), by Grace Greenwood,

The Mason's Wife(?), by Grace Greenwood,

Nanny Brewer(?); or, The Cloud with a Silver Lining, by Mary Irving,

Vivia; a Story of Life's Mystery, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Engravings, Original Sketches and Letters, Pictures of Life in our own and foreign lands, Choice Selections from all sources, Agricultural Articles, General News, Humorous Anecdotes, View of the Produce and Stock Markets, Bank Note List, Editorials, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

NOTICE.

Our clerks have been engaged for some time past in sending out bills to certain subscribers who are in arrears. We trust that those bills will be duly honored. In the universal rise of prices, newspapers, unfortunately, did not share. It therefore becomes doubly a duty for subscribers to "pay the printer" punctually what they owe him. Two dollars for a paper like the Post, is little enough, in all conscience. Send on the money therefore, dear reader, and sleep well of nights.

THE WILLIAMSON CASE.

Chief Justice Lewis, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, has decided, upon application being made to him in the case of Passmore Williamson, that he cannot interfere with the decisions of the United States District Court in cases of alleged Contempt—no matter how illegal or how tyrannical those decisions may be. The Chief Justice says:

Mr. Justice Blackstone, in Brass Crossby's case, 3 Wilson, 188, declared that "all courts are uncontrolled in matters of contempt. The *sole adjudication of contempts, and the punishment thereof in any manner, belongs exclusively, and without interfering, to each respective Court.*" * * It would occasion the utmost confusion if every Court of this State should have power to examine the commitments of the other Courts of the State for contempts; so that the judgment and commitment of each respective Court, *as to contempts, must be final and without control.* 3 Wilson, 204. * * * *Granting, for the purpose of argument, (which I am far from intimating,) that the District Judge made an improper use of the writ; that he erred in deciding that the prisoner refused to answer it—that he also erred in the construction of the answer which was given, and that he otherwise violated the rights of the prisoner; it is certainly not in my power to reverse his decision.*

According to the above decision, every Judge in Pennsylvania is as absolute and uncontrolled as the Autocrat of Russia himself. He may not only determine for himself what is contempt, but he may punish that alleged contempt "*in any manner*"—and no other Court has a right to interfere between him and his victim. If we understand the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, he decides that even if Judge Kane had commanded the U. S. Marshal to take Passmore Williamson to prison, and, at the end of one week, if he did not purge himself of contempt, to erect a gallows and hang him as high as Haman intended to hang Mordecai—that neither the Supreme Court, nor any other Court or authority in Pennsylvania, could interpose to prevent the execution of that decree!

And this is pronounced Law, in the Free State of Pennsylvania, in the year of our Saviour 1855!

We have no doubt there are Law and Precedents enough for this decision—and we have little doubt also, that there are Law and Precedents quite sufficient for an opposite one. But even if there were not; is no new Precedent ever to be added to the long list which have so effectually aided the world in its gradual progress from Servitude to Freedom?

If it be Law that the liberty and lives of the citizens of Pennsylvania are at the mercy of any Federal Judge who chooses to play the tyrant, then will it be high honor to that Judge who shall first, from his Judicial Seat, assert and maintain that such Law is subversive of the very first principles of American Liberty.

Yes, Judge Lewis has let pass from his brow that wreath of fame which might have encircled it through all future history. His decision might have been one of those great Beacons of Freedom which shine bright and clear across the Ages. But he was not the Man for the Hour. And to the lips of another must be left the pronouncing of a decision which shall add one more security to the freedom of the citizen, one more bar against the tyranny of the Ruler.

For now that this imprisonment of Mr. Williamson has called attention to the defenceless condition of *every* member of the community, a feeling has been aroused that will never be calmed until "new guards have been raised for our future security." If the Judges of Pennsylvania will not raise a barrier for our protection—if they think so much more of old precedents and etiquette, than they do of the inalienable rights to liberty and life of the citizens of their native State—then must we elect a Legislature in the coming Autumn, that will be worthy of Pennsylvania—a Legislature that shall be prepared to maintain the Trial by Jury, and the rights of the humblest Pennsylvanian, if needful, by the whole authority and power of the State.

But, in the meantime, let a fair trial be given the other Judges whom we have elected to [illegible]

AMERICAN PROGRESS.

The "United States Magazine" gives some valuable information derived from the Census Reports. Mr. De Bow, in his Compendium, states the area of the United States to be [illegible] square miles. The area of Russia in Europe, Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Spain, Turkey, Sweden and Norway, and twenty-six other European States, is only [illegible] square miles. The United States is equal in extent to the Roman Empire, or that of Alexander, neither of which is said to have exceeded 3,000,000 square miles. The following table shows the comparative distances between American and foreign cities:—

Pittsburg to Boston	[illegible]	Paris to Vienna	[illegible]
New York to Mobile	[illegible]	Paris to St. Petersburg	1,500
Philadelphia to Pensacola	[illegible]	St. Petersburg to Constantinople	[illegible]
Boston to Nashville	[illegible]	London to Constantinople	[illegible]
New York to Charleston	[illegible]	London to Vienna	[illegible]
Boston to Galveston, Texas	2,000	Stockholm to Madrid	[illegible]
New York to New Orleans	[illegible]	London to Rome	[illegible]
Boston to mouth of Mississippi	[illegible]	St. Petersburg to Thebes, Egypt	[illegible]

There were in the United States in 1850, 961,719 persons born in Ireland, 583,774 in Germany and Prussia, and 278,675 in England. The foreign born were about one-eighth as numerous as the native white population. The occupations of the male population, over ten years of age, including free colored persons, was ascertained to be, as nearly as possible:—

Farmers	[illegible]	Physicians	[illegible]
Laborers	[illegible]	Coopers	[illegible]
Carpenters	[illegible]	Butchers	[illegible]
Cordwainers	[illegible]	Cabinet and Chairmakers	[illegible]
Clerks	[illegible]	Students	[illegible]
Merchants	[illegible]	Clergymen	[illegible]
Black and Whitesmiths	[illegible]	Lawyers	[illegible]
Miners	77,410	Printers	[illegible]
Mariners	[illegible]	Editors	[illegible]
Masons and Plasterers	[illegible]	Authors	[illegible]

There are in the United States 36,1[illegible] churches, with an average capacity of accommodating 376 persons; total capacity, 13,[illegible]. Church property is valued at $86,[illegible]. The Methodists and Presbyterians have the largest amount of property; the Baptist and Episcopal churches are next. The Catholics, though they have but one-eleventh as many churches as the Methodists, have more than half as much church property.

The aggregate of persons over twenty years of age, unable to read and write, was 1,053,420. Of these, by far the larger proportion were of foreign birth, so that in nearly all the States containing a noticeable proportion of foreign population, the illiterate of this class considerably outnumber those of the native. Thus, in New York, we find 30,670 native, and 68,052 foreign illiterate. In Massachusetts, 1,861 native, against 26 484 foreign, and so on.

Virginia contains the largest number of native illiterate—87,383; next is North Carolina, which numbers 80,083 of this class. New England greatly surpasses every other section of the Union in the efficiency of her school system, and only 1 in every 400 of her native inhabitants is unable to read and write. In the South and South-West the number is 1 in 12, in the Territories, 1 in 6, in the slaveholding States, 1 in 12, in the non-slaveholding 1 in 40, in the whole Union, 1 in about 22.

Newspapers first originated in Italy during the sixteenth century. The first in England appeared under Queen Elizabeth, at the time of the Spanish Armada. It was entitled the "English Mercurie," and printed at London by her Highness' printer, 1588. Periodical papers were first used during the civil wars of the Commonwealth. The earliest newspaper in North America was the "Boston News-Letter," issued April 24, 1704. In 1720, there were but seven newspapers in the American Colonies. In 1775, there were thirty-five, seven of which were in Massachusetts, and nine in Pennsylvania. The census of 1840 gave 1,631 as the number of newspapers and periodicals published in the United States. In 1850, the number was 2,526.

LANGUAGE AND THOUGHT.

We observe, in the New York Quarterly for July, an article, evidently written by an American or Englishman, on the capabilities of the German language for the expression of thought, in comparison with other tongues:

The Germans are justly proud of the antiquity and the originality of their language. It was only with the new light, which followed the dark ages, that the French, the Italian, the Spanish, and the Portuguese sprang up from the ruins of the decaying Latin. Our own tongue owes its name and its very existence to a colony of German adventurers. But we know that long before the Romans had crossed the Alps, the German heroes were singing their war-songs in a language which some of their descendants at this day can understand. But the voice of Tradition and the voice of Philology agree in declaring that centuries before the rude Gothic was heard on the banks of the Elbe and the Rhine, it was spoken on the shores of the Caspian and the Aral seas.

It is, doubtless, a scion of that Asiatic tongue, from which all the European languages are supposed to be derived; but the time and the manner of its birth are alike unknown to history. Our earliest authentic accounts of it are received through the Romans. They tell us that the very sound of the words from the mouths of the giant chieftains struck terror into the hearts of the Roman soldiers. The earliest specimens of the written language which are extant, show that while it was harsh and sometimes uncouth, it contained many of those elements which distinguish the modern German for expressiveness, strength, and dignity.

The author considers the German language to be not inharmonious, peculiarly rich in verbs, and to be adapted to poetry, having what is called the painting power, the sound of words corresponding to the sense. The power of inversion is also a striking characteristic. The writer panegyrizes the German as a superior language to the French in expressing the profoundest and subtlest thoughts of the human mind, as being a more poetical language, and better suited for earnest historical discussion.

The eminent German philologist, Jacob Grimm, does not look upon his own language with as much favor as is displayed by the American reviewer. He decidedly prefers the English, and ascribes to it "a veritable power of expression, such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men." He also remarks:

Its highly spiritual genius, and wonderfully happy development and condition have been the result of a surprisingly intimate union of the two noblest languages in modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Romanss. It is well known in what relation these two stand to one another in the English tongue; the former supplying in far larger proportion the material groundwork, the latter the spiritual conceptions. In truth, the English language, which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times, as distinguished from the ancient classical poetry, (I can, of course, only mean Shakspeare,) may of all right be called a world-language; and like the English people, appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than its present, over all the portions of the globe. For in wealth, good sense and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it—not even our German, which is torn, even as we are torn, and must first shake off many defects, before it can enter boldly into competition with the English.

Powder Mill Explosion at Wilmington.—The drying house at Mr. Garesche's powder works, Eden Park, in the vicinity of Wilmington, was blown up shortly before 8 o'clock, on the morning of the 3rd inst.

It contained about one and a-half tons of powder, and exploded with a terrible report, blowing the building to atoms, and killing three Frenchmen and a boy. The explosion of the drying house caused also the explosion immediately after of a powder mill about three hundred yards distant, containing about 1,400 lbs. of powder. By the second explosion the mill was utterly demolished, one man killed and four dangerously wounded.

Patrick Bushe was running from the mill, and was about thirty yards distant, when a lightning rod descended and struck him on the head, fracturing his skull in such a manner as to render his recovery doubtful.

Mr. Garesche thinks that the original explosion was caused by one of the Frenchmen who was addicted to smoking a pipe, and whom he had warned to leave or stop smoking—and thought he had done the latter.

A New Invasion of Ireland.—From an Address published in the *Citizen*, it appears that a new invasion of Ireland is contemplated. The editor of the Citizen regrets that he cannot reveal the name of the writer of the address, as it would make the hearts of his countrymen "leap with joy, and the tyrants beyond the Atlantic who drove them to seek a living and liberty in this refuge of the persecuted children of freedom in the Old World, would *gnash their teeth with rage, or tremble with apprehension at the doom they deserve.*" Oh, Blivvegammon!

Later from the Sea-Serpent.—The sea-serpent was seen at Silver Lake, on the 28th ult., by Mr. Hall and his family. The monster followed the boat for some distance. A joint stock company has been formed to capture him alive, and the inhabitants are anxiously looking out for his sea-ship.

BURIED TALENTS.

Many writers who have the capability of [illegible] wish to interest or amuse.

It appears a matter of impossibility to some minds, of high [illegible], brilliant imagination and great reasoning powers, to enlist the [illegible] of far less mental calibre, are much more extensively known. Many of the purest and noblest poets and scholars have had but a limited circle of readers who could thoroughly comprehend their utterances. Lord Byron and Moore have had troops of admirers among those who would not fancy the writings of Shelley, Coleridge, or Wordsworth. We think it was Goethe who, upon being asked the meaning of language which he had in some former period made use of, replied, "My friend, when I wrote, God and I understood the meaning of these lines; He may perhaps remember; for my part I have forgotten."

We hold that such language not only gave evidence of great egotism, but of a reckless disposition of the mental gifts conferred upon the Author for the benefit of all within the ample influence of his pen. It is the duty of all who give their attention to literary pursuits, to make the subjects chosen by them as clear to those interested as possible; and the higher the rank of the writer, the more responsibility attaches to him. It is as dishonest to give indistinct and cloudy thoughts or reasoning, when it can be avoided, as it would be in a mechanic to put out carelessly-finished work.

STATE RIGHTS.

In relation to the case of Col. Wheeler, the Charleston (S. C.) Standard says:

"These facts present no case of political importance. Col. Wheeler, though a Minister to Nicaragua, was but a man in respect to private rights, and as it is conceded that each State is sovereign in the power of determining subjects of property, he must submit, of course, to the losses which the laws of Pennsylvania have occasioned; and while we may question the courtesy, and in fact the morality, of enforcing the law under the circumstances, there is no ground upon which the General Government or the States can intervene for his protection."

The Fayetteville (N. C.) Observer also says, in reference to the same case:

"No man who carries his negroes into a free State is deserving of any sympathy in his loss. He invites it, with an assurance that his invitation will be accepted."

The whole case may be put in a nutshell. The laws of Pennsylvania do not recognize the institution of slavery, or the right of man to hold property in man. Col. Wheeler, in endeavoring to hold slaves in Pennsylvania, violated the law and insulted the dignity of the State. For, if he had a right to hold slaves in Pennsylvania one minute, he had a right to hold them one hour, one day, one year, always. And in this manner the institution of slavery might be re-established, in direct opposition to the law and will of the people of the State. We cannot imagine anything more completely subversive of State Rights.

Nationality and Religion.—One of our Israelitish friends thinks that as the newspapers in their reports of the British enlistment case, stated that Philip Kaufman was a "German Jew," they should be equally explicit at other trials, and give the religious belief of the offenders and witnesses. He asks, what would be thought of a report of proceedings in court like these: "Such an one, tried for robbery, with intent to murder, a Baptist; another, for brutally killing his wife, a Catholic; a third, for issuing fraudulent stock to an immense amount, thereby involving a great number of widows and orphans in inextricable ruin, an Episcopalian;" and so on.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is not at all probable that any slight was intended to the Jewish religion, by the reporters of the case above mentioned. The Jewish race are proud of their descent and name, and differ so much from all other sects in the community, that a writer, if restricted to either mentioning only nation or religion, would convey much more information, in speaking of the Hebrew race, by writing "He is a Jew," than "He is a German." Our Israelitish citizens occupy a position in our community equal perhaps to that of any other sect; but standing, as they do, isolated by their peculiar rites and customs from others, they must expect to feel the disadvantages as well as the advantages resulting from such a course. They are not the only sect who would be particularly mentioned in this manner. If a Quaker pursues any course of action not approved of by the people at large, his religion is mentioned with much more emphasis than his place of birth—and if he should be convicted of crime, there is little feeling of sympathy for him. The cause of this is easily enough explained. Any sect that has manners and customs of its own, and, to a certain extent, keeps within its own religious circle, will be looked upon with earnest and watchful scrutiny by those denominations not distinguishable from each other by outward and not to be mistaken signs. It is only natural that this should be the case—unless a special effort is made to prevent it. And our Israelitish friends, and others in the same predicament, should comfort themselves with the thought that the rule works both ways—praise as well as censure being awarded to them with more particularity than to people whose race and religion are not so evident.

Notice to Exchanges.—Our clerk informs us that he is about to subject our exchange list to its accustomed annual pruning. We trust that if any paper is cut off which is duly entitled to an exchange—by reason of a notice, &c.,—our attention will be called to the mistake, that it may at once be rectified. It will be entirely needless, in such a case, for any excitable brother of the quill—and scissors—to go into paroxysms of indignation. We will make all right—should any wrong unintentionally be done—just as quickly upon a calm statement of the facts, as if all Jupiter's thunderbolts were stolen, and hurled, tornado-like, against us.

Later from Mexico.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, states that Santa Anna has appointed, as the Mexican Minister to the United States, his father-in-law, Senor Vidal, and that the wife of the Dictator is to accompany him. It is also rumored that a compromise is likely to be effected with the insurgents, by which Santa Anna will retire from the Presidency, and be succeeded by some less objectionable person. Affairs are in such an unsettled condition that no great reliance can be placed upon any reports at present.

Nitrate of Silver in Consumption.—The New York Academy of Medicine, at their June meeting, received the reports of the Committee on Dr. Green's paper on "Infection of the Bronchial Tubes." Three of the Committee stated "that the facts thus far developed, led them to regard the operation as one fraught with danger as well as difficulty." The minority report of Dr. Barker was in favor of direct medication of the lungs by the injection of caustic into the tubercular cavities. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

Mortality of Philadelphia.—The Medical Examiner states that within the quarter of the year ending June 30, there were 2,274 deaths, averaging 26 per day. This number is ninety-five less than was returned for the same period in 1854. It is inferred, from the Health Reports, that the past six months have been more than usually healthy.

Portable Cider Mills.—We refer our readers to D. Landreth & Son's advertisement on the following page.

☞ Refuses to Treat.—It is said that the editor of the *Massachusetts Life Boat* is delighted to learn that the "Czar refuses to treat." The next steamer he hopes will bring the news of his having joined the temperance society.

☞ The best snuff in the world is a snuff of fresh air.

☞ Chinese.—The Chinese, in learning our language, experience insuperable difficulties in enunciating the letter r. They universally give it the sound of l. For instance a Chinese servant invited us to take some rice pudding in the following style:—Americam gentilam like lice puddn? Gentlilam take lice pudd'n, eh? We declined.

☞ A Tart Reply.—A young man visiting his mistress, met a rival who was somewhat advanced in years, and wishing to rally him, inquired how old he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the other, "but this I can tell you, that an ass is older at twenty than a man is at sixty."

THE CROPS IN THE WEST.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—As, in consequence of the great failure of crops last year, so much has been said [illegible] throughout the country, I have concluded to give you some facts in reference to the present prospects in this region of country; [illegible] making no crops at all, such was the drought! The result has been that we have had to import for our own consumption, large quantities of corn, flour, oats and hay, and had to pay "starvation prices" for them, instead of exporting these articles as heretofore. Another such year—and there were not wanting croakers to predict it—would have utterly ruined the country!

But the prospect has entirely changed. The wheat crop has been harvested, and saved in fine condition. Never, perhaps, has there been a better one raised in the country; and the quantity is as large again fully as usual. The new flour from it is coming in, and is of most excellent quality. Flour, from $11 and $12 per barrel, is rapidly coming down; and must soon be $8. In the adjoining counties, and in Tennessee, it is selling at this price, and wheat offering at 60 cents per bushel, and will probably be as low as 50 cents. The corn crop was never more promising. It has been remarkably well cultivated, is well stalked, and silking and tasseling, and getting into the roasting-ear state, while the weather is as accommodating as could be desired. Oats are also equally as fine as wheat, and the crop very large, which is now generally harvested. The tobacco crop also looks very well, but is smaller than usual, in consequence of the large amount of grain raised, which will considerably enhance the price of the article. As to *fruits*, the trees of every kind, apple, peach, &c., are literally loaded down. The peach crop is the largest I ever recollect to have seen. *Vegetables* of all kinds, potatoes, cabbage, &c., are remarkably fine and flourishing, and the quantity unusually abundant. In short, we have every prospect of having one of the most abundant years ever known; and of again having

"Smiling plenty o'er this happy land."

As ever, your OLD FRIEND.

M'Cracken Co., Ky., July 16, 1855.

New Publications.

Ariel and Other Poems. By W. W. Foster(?). New York: Mason & Brother. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

There are some pleasing, fanciful poems in this volume. The opening piece, "Ariel," is taken from that portion of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Prospero gives freedom to his fairy servant. "Lirnas(?)," a spirit loved by Ariel, has pined long in his absence; and with Oberon and Titania welcome him back to Fairy Land. "The Spirits," a Poem in Three Decanters(?), is a grotesque, humorous sketch; burlesquing the operations of the table-tippers and mediums. The following will give an idea of the author's power of versification:—

"There was an ancient grave philosopher,
Whose beard was like the hanging moss over
A wave-beat precipice on ocean's shore
Or some old spectral sycamore."

In word-mechanism we consider this piece equal to any of the "Ingoldsby Legends," and not at all deficient in original and odd ideas; but it lacks strength, and is purposeless except as a vehicle for bringing out queer and unconnected fancies. "Ye Ancient Mariner," is, of course, a parody on Coleridge; but not at all a close imitation of its original; and quite innocent of any plot, other than would be probable in a nightmare of two man power. It is disfigured, too, by unusual and uncouth lines, such as

"And she was yclept so simply, Bill"

Here is something better, from the same poem:—

"The bright blue blanket of the Bay
Is barred with purple, green and gilt,
While soft cerulean o'er us lay
The summer sky's far-stretching quilt."

The following, from "The Poet's Wake," we think well worth extracting:—

Bring all gentle bloom and buds
Whether of the mount or meads,
Silver lilies of the floods
Nodding 'mong the yellow reeds;
Bring the Bramble's bloom of snow,
And the spiked pinks of fire,
Which beside the fences grow,
Guarded by the thorny briar;
Bring the pansy, pranked with jet,
Flecked with white, and freaked with gold;
And the blue-eyed violet,
Bending to the mossy mould;
Bring the sun-flower's bright torch,
Fronting to the God of Day,
And from round the rustic porch
Gather morning-glories gay;
Bring the fox-gloves, they who fold
On their purple hearts their heads,
And the tulip cups of gold,
Streaked with flaming crimson beads;
Cut the mullein's slender rods,
Studded thick with golden beads,
And the lady-slipper's pods,
Bursting open with their seeds;
Fetch the honey-suckle's horn,
Nectar filled and yellow dyed,
And the tassels of the corn,
Waving in their plumy pride;—
Weave a garland in a ring,
Chaplet, wreath, and rosy chain,
Bid a troop of fairies sing,
Tripping o'er the greensward plain;
Let it be a sylvan mead,
Dappled thick with grove and copse,
Filled with winding paths, which lead
Where the cross-bleed fountain drops.

Many of the smaller pieces are original and well written. The book is illustrated with designs by Dallas.

A School of Life. By Anna Mary Howitt, Author of "An Art Student in Munich." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Our readers will, perhaps, remember our criticism upon the "Art Student in Munich," the first production of this young and gifted lady. The same faults—an over-enthusiasm and too copious use of adjectives of admiration and dislike, appear in the present volume, though in a less degree. The career of two young artists is described—one flying from an irksome position in his uncle's counting-house—the other, a country boy, kindly assisted to rise by the proprietor of the estate on which he lived. The ladies, Honoria and Agnes, act in a way peculiar to themselves. Honoria, to save unnecessary trouble, refuses her lover in advance—a singular thing in woman. This lover, John Wetherly, has a passion for three women in the course of the novel—an all-absorbing love for each. The last one he marries. Agnes is a philosopher, engaged on a great work on "The Universal Faith." She informs her lover, in a chance difficulty which occurs, "I will tear out my very heart and trample it beneath my feet, sooner than it shall swerve from the dictates of reason!" Her language and actions throughout are very strong and energetic, and not at all calm or Platonic. While we object to the portraitures of humanity in this work, we look with pleasure on the beautiful descriptions of scenery, and genuine appreciation of high art. The writer is very young, and evidently capable of attaining to a much higher position than her first crude efforts have obtained for her.

The Diamond Cross, and Other Tales. By Clara Moreton. Phila: Willis P. Hazard.

A collection of agreeable stories, written plainly and purely; quite free from the morbid taste for dwelling upon scenes of misery and revelling in misdirected thought, and yet sufficiently impressive and serious.

"The Diamond Cross" conveys an excellent moral lesson. Carrie Morton, the heroine, is a good, true hearted girl; but, through mere thoughtless extravagance, causes trouble to herself and family. "The Beckertons" is a home story, and, to our mind, the best in the book. It portrays forcibly the evils caused by trifling with the feelings of children, and injudiciously meddling in the affairs of others. Mr. Beckerton, having become a widower, marries again. The bride is young, lovely, amiable in her disposition; but the children, still mourning for their late mother, are prejudiced against the new comer by a malicious servant girl and a thoughtless relative. Lettie, Mr. Beckerton's daughter, flies from her home, and is only reclaimed by accident, after suffering severely from want and loneliness. All ends well and naturally. There are several other good stories—"Aunt Esther's Dowry," "Emma Dudley's Secret," "The Mother-in-Law," &c., &c. For pleasant reading and sound morality, we can recommend them to our readers' notice.

Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A little book intended to awaken an interest in the reader's mind for the study of natural history. Some very fine descriptions are given of seaside plants and shells.

We have also received—

Timboo and Fanny. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Medical Examiner for August. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

[illegible]

Even looking upon marriage as a mere civil contract, probably business-like, and of not much more importance than any other partnership for mutual benefit, it would not be proper or just that it should be dissolved in the careless and trifling manner advocated by many recent writers, and by none more strongly than the author of this volume. But looking upon it in its better and more exalted light, as a solemn covenant that should not be entered into without a full knowledge by both parties of the disposition and capabilities of each other, and an honest and inflexible determination to keep the covenant, we deem it the most important safeguard both to national and private morality; and would frown down all efforts to displace it from its high position.

There may have been instances of wrongs inflicted on women full as heart-rending as those of Mary Lyndon(?) in their day [illegible], in most States; and will soon be over in all the civilized portions of our country.

It is strange how extremes meet. The "spiritual wife" system of Utah, where any number of women can be made the wives of one man, springs into a morbid existence in one section of the Union, while the equally offensive doctrine of "elective affinity" is struggling to spread its unhealthy sway in another.

"No true freedom," says the author, "can be assured to woman in any sect that makes marriage indissoluble." Why, it must be plain to all that woman's safety consists in that very indissolubility. The law applies with equal force to both—and ill-assorted unions are as frequently owing to the wife's errors as to those of the husband. Under the present law, the wife can compel her husband to support her, if he has any means of doing so, no matter what incompatibility of disposition may exist. He can make no disposition of his real estate without consulting her; and can be made to support her children by him, or in default of doing so, can be sent to prison. If the "elective affinity" doctrine were put in practice, the husband would be at liberty to leave his wife whenever interest or inclination might prompt him; and woman, being emphatically "the weaker vessel" in such a case, instead of being man's helpmate and equal, as she now is, would become a mere toy, to be thrown away at pleasure.

Harper's Magazine, for August. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A number profusely illustrated, and with a variety of good original and selected articles. "The Newcomes" is not yet finished, and, despite the high literary ability of its author, we are growing tired of it. The system of publishing in monthly numbers affords an opportunity for digression and amplification which is too often taken advantage of. Thackeray endeavors to put half-a-dozen books into one, which one becomes of necessity unwieldy, and anything but light reading. We do not wish to be considered as in any way denying that in this novel keen wit and a fine perception of character are to be met with; and that it is written in a much gentler and less fault-finding spirit than "Vanity Fair;" but we do not think it will be read with the same interest as that production. In "Vanity Fair," attention is engrossed by one prominent conception—Becky Sharp—and curiosity is kept on the stretch to see what finally will become of her. In "The Newcomes," although nearly all the characters are well delineated, and several really original samples of humanity are presented, no one peculiarly compels an audience from the reader, who consequently picks up the book, and after perusing a few pages, and praising it very highly, puts it down again, to be used the same way another time, and awaken the same remarks. There is none of that feverish anxiety displayed as to what will be coming next, which agitated thousands at the time of the publication in numbers of several of Dickens's novels—especially "The Old Curiosity Shop." We well remember the feeling of sorrow which affected not us alone, but all true, appreciative novel readers at the death of Little Nell. Nothing of this kind could possibly happen in perusing Thackeray's productions. They are welcome, but we can wait patiently for them, for they are cold, marbly creations, and while we may acknowledge their resemblance to reality, they do not impress us forcibly as bearing, in all of good or evil they exhibit, a more or less faithful reflex of thoughts, feelings, and actions that we have either ourselves cognizance of, or by the magnetism of affinity of mind, can understand as being natural to others.

Art Hints. By James Jackson Jarves. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Art in its relation to history, its rise and fall, is the subject of this volume. The author says that his book differs from others in this respect—that they treat of particular branches, while his object is to treat of art as a whole—architecture, sculpture, painting, &c. He is opposed to shams—looking upon imitations of marble and stone with much contempt, as unworthy a place in any truly artistic work. He advocates the use of color in architecture; and says "that the Reformation inflicted no greater injury upon good taste than in whitewashing the interior of its churches."

In an appendix, the period of birth and death of seventy-seven celebrated artists is given, from which it appears that their average of life was sixty-eight years and six months. The youngest was Paul Potter, who died at 28; the oldest, Titian, who reached 99 years. The highest price ever paid for a painting in ancient times, was for one by Apelles, representing "Alexander Grasping the Thunderbolt," which was deposited in the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, for $211,000. The highest price paid in our day, was for Murillo's "Assumption," two centuries after it was painted—it bringing, in France, $125,000.

A Visit to the Camp Before Sevastopol. By Richard C. McCormick, Jr. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A faithful record by an American, of affairs in the Crimea during its early occupation by the Allies. The great mortality among the English troops he considers mainly owing to intemperance. The men were allowed three rations of rum, of very high proof, every day, and were frequently known to drink three or more glasses on their visits to Balaklava. Another cause was the want of that constitutional gayety which sustained the French throughout all troubles and privations. There are a number of finely executed maps and engravings; and we think the volume, as a whole, is calculated to give a clearer idea of camp life in the Crimea than any one of a limited size that we have previously met with. Nothing is introduced about the causes or probable consequences of the war. The Author has confined himself to mentioning circumstances happening during his residence.

A Boy's Adventures in Australia. By William Howitt. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A very entertaining and useful volume, purporting to be the note-book of a boy travelling in Australia, with a small party of friends and relatives. There are several good stories introduced, illustrative of bush life. "The Deserted Station" is a thrilling tale of the perils encountered by families during the autumn floods. The troubles occasioned to settlers by bush rangers, is exemplified in the story called "Mrs. Dariot's Visitors." Gold-hunting, farming, the raising of cattle and sheep, &c., are all well described; and many things of interest are related concerning the history of the country, and the customs and traditions of the aboriginal inhabitants.

Waikna; or, Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. By Samuel A. Bard. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

We do not know whether this book is a novel, a true narrative, or an embellished account of actual occurrences. The author displays an intimate knowledge of the singular country which he describes. Some of the things mentioned about the inhabitants—black, white and yellow—of the Mosquito Territory, are so barbarous and revolting as to almost exceed belief. There are one hundred engravings of the wild and grotesque scenes witnessed or imagined by the author; and they are executed in a manner that materially adds to the interest of the work.

Clippings.

☞ In the Malay language the same word signifies woman and flower.

☞ [illegible]

☞ There is a silver side to every cloud of [illegible].—Hints by a Dreamer.

☞ A student in Trinity College, Dublin, upon being asked, at the last examination, what were the symbols of war, replied, authoritatively:—"Them is things that the black men used to play with the big drum."

☞ The third Earl of Chatham's addiction to long sleep in the morning, got him the nickname of "The late Lord Chatham."

☞ On a child being told, the other day, that he must be broken of a bad habit, he actually replied:—"Papa, hadn't I better be mended?"

☞ As the Chinese have no word which will compare with the word "Amen," they say—"Sin [illegible] thing [illegible]"—"The heart wishes exactly so."

☞ "Cato, what do you s'pose am de reason dat de sun goes down towards de Souf in de winter?" "Well, I dunno, Sam, unless he no stan' de climate ob de Norf, and so he am 'bliged to go to de Souf, where he 'sperience warmer longitude," was the philosophic reply.

☞ Hibernian Arithmetic.—An Irish counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well, now," says he, "who could help it, when there were a hundred Judges on the bench?" "A hundred!" said a slender-by, "there were but three." "By St. Patrick," replied he "there were one and two ciphers."

☞ French Baby Politeness.—A friend asked a pretty little child of six years old, "Which do you love best, your cat or your doll?" The little girl thought some time before answering, and then whispered in the ear of the questioner, "I love my cat best, but please don't tell my doll."

☞ Rollin, the historian, was a liberal-minded Christian. Fleury was a professing Christian, not liberal at all. When the former presented to the powerful ecclesiastic the first volume of the Roman history, Fleury, turning to an officer of the guards, said, contemptuously, "Why do you not convert this man?" "Oh, sir," remarked Rollin, quietly smiling the while, "the gentleman would lose his time, I am an inconvertible man."

☞ Why is Prince Albert like a stag? Because he is Her Majesty's deer (dear).

☞ Miss Susan Cushman being asked by Rogers, the poet, if it was true that she was about to be married, said that she did not intend to marry unless she could find a person of really masculine mind.—"Then," said he, "why don't you marry your sister Charlotte?"

☞ The Only Way We Can Account For It.—Many people, when they experience the slightest twinge of illness, betake themselves to bed. They most probably think they will alleviate their pain by using a counter-pane.

☞ Some carpenters in the Paris Exhibition, desirous of securing themselves from intrusion, stuck up the following notice:—"*On ne passe pas.*" The following was the appended translation:—"Peoples not passe dis Vay."

☞ Two men went to "Californy." One came back without a rag to his back, while the other came back with nothing but rags. Wanted to know, which did the best?

☞ The Use of Money.—A wise man's motto: Win gold and wear it.

A generous man's: Win gold and share it.
A miser's: Win gold and spare it.
A profligate's: Win gold and spend it.
A broker's: Win gold and double it.
A fool's: Win gold and lend it.
A gambler's: Win gold and lose it.
A sailor's: Win gold and cruise it.
A wise man's: Win gold and use it.

☞ Times are changed since our grandmothers spun their own yarn, and were not too proud to knit in company.

CUSTOM IN 1755.

Man to the plough,
Wife to the cow,
Girl to the yarn,
Boy to the barn,
And your rents will be netted.

1855.

Man tally ho,
Miss piano,
Wife silk and satin,
Boy Greek and Latin,
And you'll all be gazetted.

☞ Startling Intelligence.—A German astronomer says that in twenty millions of years from now the earth will be destroyed by a comet.

☞ The Czar's Breakfast.—A roll of musketry.

☞ Fashion in Paris.—At the present moment, fashion in Paris exhibits a complete dessert in every lady's bonnet. Cherries, grapes, black currants and acorns are now the popular bonnet ornaments; next month, nothing will be left but strawberries and melons; or almonds and raisins may be prettily introduced into an August wreath.

☞ A lady of our acquaintance was so much pleased with a recently imported Irish *Protestant* girl whom she lately employed, that she hadn't her two days before she had made her a present of a very handsome Bible. "Mush a an' the blessin' of the Vargin be upon you, Ma'am, but that same's the party book!" "The Vargin!" did you say, Julia? why, you must be a Catholic!" "Indeed, an' I amn't Ma'am, sorra bit o' me; but God betune us an' harm," added she, *crossing herself*, "*isn't there a Protestant Vargin Mary, too?*"

☞ The Peach Crop.—The Delaware and New Jersey papers say the peach crop never was more abundant than this season. The trees are in many instance overloaded with fruit.

☞ In Norwich, it is stated that at Rose & Co.'s stone cutter's shop, while taking off the surface of a slab of Connecticut river brown stone, a *live toad* was found, which, on being released from his long imprisonment, hopped off unconcernedly!

☞ The report of the death of the Rev. Alexander Campbell is contradicted.

☞ A Stickler for Rules.—We are acquainted with a printer who is so enthusiastic in his business, that he never sits down to dinner without insisting on seeing a *proof of the pudding.*—*Diogenes.*

☞ Barefaced.—A barrister observed to a learned brother in Court, that the wearing of whiskers was unprofessional. "Right," responded his friend, "a lawyer can not be too *bare-faced.*"

☞ A Proverb, by Punch.—"He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right."

☞ A Good Suggestion.—In view of the numerous and well considered vetoes of the present efficient Mayor of New York, a journal of that city suggests the propriety of altering his name from "Fernando Wood" to "Fernando Wouldn't!"

☞ "The Noblest Art."—"The noblest art of all the fine arts," says Sir James Mackintosh, "is the art of forming a vigorous, healthy, and beautiful mind. It is a work of unwearied care, which must be constantly re-touched through every part of life. But the toil becomes every day more pleasant, and the success more sure."

☞ A Parliamentary Division.—Punch says, that the parties, in Parliament are opposed to the present war, may be divided into two large spinning classes; those who, like Bright, spin cotton, and those who, like Gladstone, spin long yarns.

☞ Served Him Right.—The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow" caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since.

☞ We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder.

☞ A young lady found one day reading a novel, was asked by a gentleman how she liked the style? Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style? the style!—oh, sir! I am not come to that yet."

When Barney told Bill "he was looking quite ill,"
Bill stuck to his habit of impudent joking.
"That's the difference," quoth he, "betwixt you and me—
That I'm looking ill and that you are ill-looking!"

☞ Room Above Panes.—Those belonging to a garret window.

☞ A Thorough Good Cook.—Lady—Then, why did you leave your last place, pray? Cook—Well, ma'am, after I'm done work I am very fond of singing and playing on the accordion, and missus hadn't used to like it—and so I give notice!

☞ [illegible]

☞ An Apt Scriptural Quotation.—A few evenings since, a pious old lady, preparing to go to church, [illegible] a respectable quantity of gold from her trunk, wrap it up carefully in her handkerchief, and put it in her pocket. She remarked that it was her habit, that it kept her mind steady at her own [illegible] will the heart be also.

☞ Waiting for Preferment.—I think Lord Grey will give me some preferment if he sleeps in long enough; but the upper parsons live vindictively, and evince their aversion to whig ministry by an improved health. The Bishop of ——— has the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the Dean of ——— to be vigorous at eighty-two. And yet these are men who are called Christians.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ A Word or Two Concerning Female Education.—Ah! what female heart can withstand a red-coat? I think this should be a part of female education; it is much neglected. As you have the rocking-horse to [illegible] to ride, I would have military dolls in the nursery, to harden their hearts against officers and red coats. * * * Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ All the Difference.—"Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, eh?" "Yes, Jem, yes." "Well, well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows up our better qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was an Old Bailey Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities!"

☞ "You are a little bear, madam." "Sir!" "About the shoulders, I mean."

☞ If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he's *shrewd?*

☞ "You're in liquor," as the phial remarked when the snake was put into alcohol.

"Good spirits preserve me!" said the snake to the phial.

☞ Mistake of the Printer.—A Halifax newspaper once announced that sundry vessels were prevented from going to sea by "*frogs and clams.*" The next number explained that the impediments to navigation should have read "fogs and calms."

☞ The Rensselaer Manor tenants once held a meeting, and resolved that the payment of one-tenth of the produce was too heavy a rent, and agreed unanimously thereafter that they would pay only one-sixth. They never discovered their mistake till the rent became due.

☞ Many a poor fellow, whose reputation has unjustly suffered, can bear testimony to the truth of the following, from Tristram Shandy:—"To acquiesce under a report in silence, is to acknowledge it openly—at least of in the opinion half the world; *and to make a bustle in contradicting it, is to confirm it in the opinion of the other half.*"

☞ We heard an anecdote of the celebrated Mr. Burchard, the revivalist, quite characteristic of some minds. Mr. B. had preached in a certain town with great power, and among others converted were two daughters of a rich close-fisted farmer, and the story says a member of the church. When Mr. B. was about to leave, a contribution was proposed to pay his expenses, and among the rest this farmer steps up and thanks Mr. B. for his efforts, and saying he felt it a duty and privilege under the circumstances to contribute something, gave twenty-five cents. "Two shillings," said the divine, "for the salvation of your two daughters—very well, it is dear at that if their souls are as small as yours."

☞ A wag went into an eating-house, and after giving his order to a servant, sat down, and was not troubled with his presence again for some time. At last the servant came, and said, "Here's your tea, sir." "You must be mistaken," said the wag, "I'm not a customer—I have been a *waiter* here for a long time."

☞ Tacitus, the only thinker never refuted by experience, says that "all nations and cities are governed either by the people, by the few, or by a monarch."—*Exchange.* A profound philosopher that!

☞ A Scotch lady, whose son was complaining of a minister who, he said, had too many anecdotes and illustrations in his preaching, replied, "Oh, man, haud your tongue; he *just makes the bread of life so sma' that anybody can eat it!*"

☞ Vanity.—A writer says: "I have seen some men who affected to be very unaffected, cultivate a peak on the top and centre of their brows as sedulously, and with as much inward gratulation on account of it, as ever I saw a dandy cultivate a tuft or train a side-curl."

☞ Sweet Fruit.—A horticultural gentleman went to a party in Columbia, and became so pleased with the *sugar plums*, that he asked for a few extra to take home to plant.—He said it was the best fruit he had ever tasted, and his children would be delighted with them.

☞ Emphatic Grief.—A servant girl was talking of the loss her sister had recently sustained, in the death of a devoted husband—"Poor Mary!" said she, "though George has been dead near six months, yet she *grits her teeth (!) even now* whenever she thinks of him."

☞ The Washington "Metropolitan" announces the following curious facts: "The new Russian Minister to the United States is called Somonosoff, (saw my nose off.) An attache of the same legation at Washington, Blowmanosoff, (blow my nose off;) besides which, we have Colonel Kutmanosoff, (cut my nose off,) of the Imperial Guard; Marshal Polmanosoff, (pull my nose off,) Gen. Nosebegon, (nose begone), and many others.

☞ Young ladies should never object to being kissed by printers; they should make every allowance for the *freedom of the press!*

☞ To the Czar.—The Inverness (Scotland) Courier says: By the last American mail, a newspaper arrived at Liverpool, addressed to "Zar Alexander, Esq., Emperor of Rooshia, Europe." The sorting-clerk at Liverpool, probably mistaking the address for Rosshire, sent the paper in the Liverpool bag to Inverness, whence it had to be sent southwards again. We hope the contents may please the potentate, for whom, we presume, it is intended.

☞ "Mr. Jones, you said the defendant was a gentleman—what do you mean by that?" "I mean a man that pays his debts the first time they are presented to him."

☞ A Judge out West has decided that "kissing a body" while "coming through the rye," is legal. This has an important and interesting bearing on the rye culture and the happiness of mankind in general.

☞ "Talk of the bar of public opinion," cried young Fitzblankfeather, who had been exchanged, and was at home, with his legs on the family hob, "talk of the bar of public opinion; fiddlede-de for such a bar. Give me the bars of the fireplace!"

☞ Cockney wishes to know whether, having already been once an ex-Congressman, John P. Hale, in case of his retiring from the Senate again, in order to commemorate the double honor, should be called Double Ex-Hale!

☞ An Irishman and an Englishman falling out, the former threatened his opponent, that if he did not hold his tongue, he would break his *impenetrable* skull, and let the brains out of his *empty* head.

The Ingenuity of Scandal.—Mr. Wilberforce relates that one time he found himself chronicled as "St. Wilberforce" in an opposing journal, and the following given as an "instance of his Pharisaism:" "He was lately seen," says the journal, "walking up and down in the Bath Pump Room reading his prayers, like his predecessors of old, who prayed in the corners of the street to be seen of men." "As there is generally," says Mr. Wilberforce, "some slight circumstance which perverseness turns into a charge of reproach, I began to reflect, and I soon found the occasion of the calumny. It was this:—I was walking in the Pump-Room in conversation with a friend; a passage was quoted from Horace, the accuracy of which was questioned, and, as I had Horace in my pocket, I took it out and read the words. This was the plain 'bit of wire' which factious malignity sharpened into a pin to pierce my reputation." How many ugly pins have been manufactured out of even smaller bits of wire than that.

☞ [illegible]

General News.

The Wheeler and Williamson Case.—The facts in this case develop themselves, in this case, grow more favorable to Williamson. It appears that Mr. Williamson is a member of the old Pennsylvania Abolition Society, which association has for its object the "abolition of slavery and *the relief of free people of color held illegally in bondage.*" This society received its charter from the State in 1780, and the first and second Presidents were Benjamin Franklin and Dr. Rush. The colored woman in question, Jane Johnson, communicated her condition to another person, through whom a message was sent to Mr. Williamson, as a member of the committee on this branch of the business of the society. He acted, therefore, as the agent of a chartered society, instituted expressly by the Legislature of 1780, for this among other objects.

In New York, on her way to Canada, the colored woman appeared before Judge Culver, and made affidavit that she came to Philadelphia by the cars, that she was not taken away from her master by force, but at her own request. She was carefully watched by her master while in Philadelphia, in order that she might not communicate with any free persons, but catching an opportunity when her master was away, she declared to a colored woman her wish to be free, and solicited action in her behalf. The woman immediately communicated the fact, and it was then that Mr. Williamson undertook her rescue. She was herself most eager to escape, and rejoices that the attempt was successful.

The following is an extract from her affidavit:—

[illegible]

It seems the children are only about seven and eleven years of age. The colored men arrested were not at the wharf by appointment, but following their daily employment as porters.

Application was made by Williamson's counsel, last week, to Chief Justice Lewis, of the State Court, for a writ of *habeas corpus.* The writ, however, was refused. Mr. Williamson's counsel not desiring the useless formality of issuing the writ if, on view of the course of detainer exhibited, the Judge should be of opinion that the adjudication of the U. S. District Court was conclusive. The following is the substance of Judge Lewis' decision.

[illegible]

The Judge refused to raise the important question of jurisdiction, because it had not been raised by the imprisoned party at the proper time, before Judge Kane.

A Free Sunday.—The agitation for a free Sunday continues in England. A writer in the London *Leader* contributes his quota by describing the style in which a well-known archbishop goes to church. He says:

"Passing along Jermyn Street, a short while ago, on a Sunday morning, my attention was arrested by a very handsome carriage and horses, which dashed up the opposite street, and drew up at St. James' Church. The whole 'turn-out' was so uncommonly handsome and stylish that I stopped to examine it more minutely. The carriage was a bright yellow, with very handsome silver fittings; the horses, a splendid pair of bays, worth at least three hundred guineas; the harness covered with silver; the coachman and *two footmen*, dressed in pure *white* liveries, trimmed with black-and-white chequer lace, and edged with silver lace, with silver hat bands, garters, &c., &c., altogether, forming one of the most attractive 'turn-outs' I have seen in London. But, on examining further, you may judge my surprise on seeing a bishop's, or rather an archbishop's mitre on the panels of the carriage. I doubted the evidence of my senses, thinking that our great Church dignitaries eschewed such gaieties, and drove about in carriages of more sombre hue, and dressed their servants in darker colors. But on further inquiry, I found that the equipage belonged to the Archbishop of Armagh, who, residing in Charles Street, St. James' Square, requires the services of a coachman, two footmen, and a pair of horses to convey him from his residence there to the distant region occupied by St James' Church—the distance being not further than a very slow walker would manage to cross in four or five minutes. I ask you, sir, is this *needful work* for a Sunday? In addition to the three servants named, we may calculate the services of one or two stable helpers, who will be engaged in attending on the horses before and after their arduous journeys to and from Church."

Mysterious Murder in Philadelphia.—On the afternoon of the 5th inst., about 2½ o'clock, two men, fishing in Gunners' run, discovered the body of a female lying upon her face in the mud upon the bottom of the creek. On examination, it was found that three wounds had been inflicted in the throat—probably with a penknife. The victim was a German woman, about 26 years of age. In her pocket, among other things, was a German Lutheran pocket prayer-book, on the fly leaf of which was written, in German, "Michal Albrecht, from Knoozbach—married the 19th July, 1855." Upon the chemise, and one of the pocket-handkerchiefs, were the initials "S. T. S." or "S. S. T.," confined in a monogram.

It was the opinion of the physician who examined the body, that the wounds had been inflicted quite recently. Between 1 and 2 o'clock A. M., on the previous day, loud shrieks were heard by several persons from the place where the body was afterwards found. The affair created a great excitement in the old District of Kensington. The body has been removed to the Green House. Many surmises are afloat concerning the foul deed and its victim, who is unknown.

Injury to the Steamer Gen. McDonald.—On Saturday, August 4, about 9 o'clock P. M., during the storm, the steamer General McDonald, while on her way to Cape May, with an excursion party, ran into the schooner A. G. Pease, lying at anchor just above the Lazaretto. There were upwards of one hundred persons on board. There are seven men missing; some of whom may possibly have escaped destruction. Two men and a colored boy are known to be drowned. Neither of the vessels are very seriously injured.

Yellow Fever in the South.—By recent accounts the yellow fever still raged at Gosport, Virginia. The 24 hours ending 4th instant, there were 10 new cases and 8 deaths. On the 5th, no new cases occurred at Portsmouth. In Gosport the disease was spreading, but it had decreased in Norfolk.

At New Orleans, the deaths at the Charity Hospital, for the week ending August 4, were 92.

Walker, the filibuster, it is said, lost thirteen Americans in his last rencontre. At Rivas he got his men into a house, and before they could bore holes through the walls, the Government party set fire to it, which compelled Walker to come out and then his ammunition gave out, and he was compelled to retreat by the Transit Company's road to San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific side, where he recruited twenty-four Americans, and got on board an Italian brig, and bore away for Realejo.

A foreign savant, in a laborious dissertation on the weights and measures of the ancients, favors us with the following chronological scale of the various heights of men since the creation:—Adam was 123 feet 9 inches; Eve, 118 feet 9¾ inches; Noah, 103 feet; Abraham, 27 feet; Moses, 13 feet; Hercules, 10 feet; Alexander, 10 feet; Julius Cæsar, 5 feet. He sagely added that, if Providence had not been pleased to suspend this progressive decrease, men would be no bigger than the smallest insect.

NEWS ITEMS.

The following are the prices, per pound, for fruit in San Francisco markets:

Cherries, [illegible]

[illegible]—The Bloomington Pantagraph says: [illegible] this place on Friday last, from Chicago, on their way to the Penitentiary. We are informed that the sheriff of Cook county was in the crowd."

It has been suggested to the Patent Office that measures should be taken to introduce the truffle into the United States. This esculent, which in some respects resembles the mushroom, has been the favorite dish of epicures from time immemorial to the present day, and yet, strange to say they have always been very scarce and high priced, few knowing how to raise them, and fewer still possessing the proper knowledge to prepare them for the table. The royal cooks of France say the "truffle improves all it touches," and happy the cuisinier who can give a taste of its delicacy and flavor to each separate dish!

The Arkansas Gold Bubble Exploded.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing from Fort Smith, Arkansas, states that letters have been received at that place from authentic and reliable sources, that give the Arkansas gold bubble an effectual quietus. One gentleman, Lieut. N. B. Pierce, of the 7th United States Infantry, writes that not far from Grand River, he had met with a party of near three hundred persons, having with them eighty wagons and teams, on their return home from Missouri. They had been to the Red Fork, and for miles along it had literally "torn the earth open" in their fruitless search for the yellow dust.

New Mode of Vaccination.—The Dublin Medical Press says, "without puncture, the regular vaccine pustules appeared on the fourth day, and were produced by merely placing some vaccine matter on the arms of two children, and rubbing the spot with the sharp end of an ivory knife. The fact that young girls take the cow pox on their fingers when milking, suggested this method of vaccination."

Showers of Brimstone.—The Mississippi papers mention a singular phenomenon, viz. The falling of showers of brimstone there within the last two weeks. It has been dried, and is found, it is alleged, to be the genuine article.

New York Prohibitory Law.—It is true that the Attorney-General has given an opinion unfavorable to the constitutionality of the Prohibitory Law. It is untrue, however, that the Governor requested his opinion on that point. It is also well known that the Attorney-General is a candidate for nomination to the office of Corporation Counsel of this City.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Cuban Trade in Coolies.—The Havana correspondent of the New York Herald states that 762 Chinese laborers have been landed there in two days, and sold at a rate of $170 for each full-grown healthy one. The Asiatics were downcast, many sick, and all half naked. A great many Yucatan women and children were also in the market, sent by Santa Anna's agents. The captured Bozals from the coast of Africa, were for sale; but one of them, who spoke Portuguese, made some revelations respecting the slave trade which caused much excitement. The United States sloops Cyane and Falmouth were in port. The steamer United States had been sold for nearly $150,000.

Prices in Ohio.—Butter is now selling in several parts of Ohio at from 10 to 12 cents per pound; cheese 6 to 8 cents; and eggs 8 to 10 cents per dozen.

A Heartless Brute.—During the existence of a general panic at Vienna, growing out of a dread of hydrophobia, men were commissioned as exterminators of the canine race. These men were armed with a short heavy stick, which they flung at the poor out-lawed animal, with such precision and effect, as to either kill or maim him usually. It so happened one day that one of these missiles missed the object at which it was aimed, passing far beyond him into the river. He immediately plunged into the water after it, seized it in his teeth, and returned it to its owner, who snatched it up and dashed out the generous creature's brains with it.

A Relic of the Irish Parliament.—"Accounts," says an English paper, "have reached London of the death of Mr. John M'Clintock, of Drumcar, in the county of Louth, Ireland, formerly Sergeant-at-Arms in the Irish House of Commons, for the loss of which office he has been in receipt of a pension of £2,000 a year for upwards of half a century. The deceased had attained the patriarchal age of 85."

A Warning.—Kossuth thus concludes a recent letter to the New York Times:—"On one thing, however, I would warn America to beware—and that is, *the introduction of race, tongue, and religion into the arena of political contest.* Centuries may have to atone for the errors of one generation."

A Safe Investment.—A Hartford (Ct.) paper tells a story of an American who deposited $100 in the hands of an Englishman, for which he was to receive $25 per month until Sebastopol was taken. This was the 1st of November last, and the American has received his $25 per month ever since that time. One hundred dollars could hardly have been invested better.

Death of Mrs. Greeley.—The mother of Horace Greeley died at Wayne, Erie county, Pa., on the 27th ult. The father of Mr. Greeley is still living.

There is a foreign legion in England, encamped in a patent camp at Shorncliffe, a place on the south coast, near Folkstone; there are 1,500 or thereabouts in the camp, and 5,000 are expected from Heligoland. According to report, this legion is already the nuisance and scourge of the villages about, in consequence of drunkenness, the booze being heavy.

Amongst the recent arrivals of British invalid soldiers from India, is the unusual number of thirty two demented men, among whom are three sergeants, of exemplary character, until within a short period of their becoming decided symptoms of insanity. A building at Fort Pitt, Chatham, is about to be erected for the special use of these unfortunate men.

The Collar Business.—Lynn is not more famous for shoes than Troy is for collars and bosoms. There are fifteen of these establishments in Troy, and it is estimated that they turn out, on an average, 50,000 collars per day. One establishment employs forty sewing machines, worked by as many young ladies, who easily turn off fifteen dozen per day, and it is said that they can readily earn from $9 to $12 per week.

Invention of Pottery.—The round snail the size of a man's fist, in their circumvolutions, eject a kind of glutinous slime with their eggs, which, being combined in a sort measure with the sand, forms an article resembling a piece of pottery, which no doubt first conveyed the idea to some of our ancestors of a jar or pitcher. They are frequently picked up on the ocean shore on Fire Island, by the curious researchers in the hidden mysteries of the ocean. The manufacturing of pottery is coeval with history, and the idea very likely was conceived by the first inventor from these deposits.—*Scientific American.*

A horse-shoe of novel construction has lately been brought forward. The main merit claimed for it is, that it can be used without the ordinary nails, the mode of fastening it being by means of a thin iron cap fitted as an external covering to the foot, to which the body of the shoe is appended, the whole being kept on the hoof by a small nail-rod, attaching the sides at their ends.

The Horizontal Posture in Fainting.—The Medical Times gives an analysis of Mr. Richardson's theory of the manner in which the recumbent or horizontal posture produces recovery from fainting. It is well known that the arterial blood sent from the heart first ascends, and the venous blood descends from the upper and ascends from the lower parts. When blood is withdrawn from the upper part of the erect body, the heart loses its power of sending the blood along the aorta; hence the blood losing the *vis a tergo*, gravitates in the veins of the lower half of the body. The heart ceases to pulsate and the blood coagulates in the veins, and death would ensue but the body falls, or is laid down, and then the blood contained in the veins of the lower part of the body is poured into the heart, exciting it to contraction, and thus the whole circulation is restored. This theory is receiving considerable attention from medical men.

Lime Water in Bread.—It has lately been found that water saturated with lime produces in bread the same whiteness, softness and capacity of retaining moisture as results from the use of alum; while the former removes all acidity from the dough, and supplies an ingredient needed in the structure of the bones, but which is deficient in the *cerealia.*

A Curious Law-Suit.—A lady has sued the Jefferson Railroad Company to recover damages for injuries sustained by the train being thrown down an embankment. The ground of the suit is, that the injuries received by the accident were of such a nature as to unfit her for maternal duties, or rather that she cannot become a mother. The matter, of course, will be properly investigated. It is certainly a very novel affair. The lady interested is only about twenty four years of age, and is said to be quite handsome.

Children appear to be valued very lightly in China, if we may believe the statement of a cotemporary, which says, the poorer classes in the neighborhood of Hong Kong are selling their children for 24 cents each. This price applies to girls of 7 to 10 years, and the purchaser must take them away at once and promise support. They are chiefly employed as servants. Older girls bring more, or to speak *commercially*, "we quote girls from 7 to 10 years at 25 cents, 10 to 15 years $1; 15 to 20 years are in more demand, and cannot be had under $70 to $100."

Not Done Banking Yet.—The Hawaiian Legislature have granted a banking charter to Messrs. Page, Bacon & Co., of Honolulu. Its provisions are not fully stated in the papers, but from the scattered notices which appear, it is probable that the house has obtained an exclusive privilege to prosecute banking for at least ten years.

The Case of Miss Halsted.—The case of the young, beautiful and wealthy Miss Halsted, who had been placed in the Lunatic Asylum, New York, by her father, on the ground of moral insanity, has, it appears, been terminated by consent. She eloped with a man of family, and the guilty team being pursued by her father, who is very wealthy, after a long search and an expenditure of three thousand dollars to different scouts, &c., were discovered living very costly at a country residence somewhere in Canada. She was brought back and incarcerated as a lunatic; a hearing was had on a habeas corpus, and ended as above. The young lady's infatuation for her destroyer still continues.

Mackerel.—The Halifax papers state that mackerel are selling at one penny per dozen.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Asia we have Liverpool dates to the 21st ult.

The general prospects of the war, at home and abroad, wear the same aspect they have exhibited for some time past. Sebastopol here, however, received the desperate sally of the army, although they seem to have repulsed the sorties of the Allies show that the successes were not of importance.

Pelissier, whose character suffered much after the repulse of the 18th of June, was received at Paris, and from the strength of the French position, now close advanced towards the Malakoff, there is a probability of its early capture.

A despatch from Gen Simpson is published, giving an account of the exhumation of the body of Lord Raglan for England. Pelissier placed a garland of immortelles on the coffin, and the French guard formed an avenue of honor, the entire troop, from the camp to the sea.

The following are the latest despatches:—Under date of July 16th, 11, P. M., Gen. Pelissier telegraphs:—"The enemy who had for some days endeavored to rain to stay our left wing—Russians in front of the Malakoff Tower, attempted last night to drive us back, but they were repulsed by the first division of the second corps. We took from the Russians three thousand men our trenches, with their usual shouting, but after each attempt they were compelled to return to the steady fire and calm attitude of our soldiers, leaving behind them many of their slain."

July 17th, at 10 o'clock, no telegraph nothing of importance has occurred. The army is in good health.

July 18th, he telegraphs a sortie made on the left attack, was repulsed with only three casualties on the British side.

The Paris Paris, of July 19th, says:—According to the news received late morning, the Russians attempted another sortie last night about ten o'clock, against the batteries of Careening Bay, and were vigorously repulsed. Letters say that the Russian ships begin to suffer from the French mortar battery, in the side of Careening Bay, and documents say that the raisons of the shipping are reduced one-half.

The French have stormed Kamiesch of all suspicious persons, and have established a municipality.

Gen. Eyre, the British General, has had his leg amputated. Gen Sir John Campbell died within Sebastopol, and under a flag of truce his sword was returned.

The Moniteur publishes a despatch from Gen. Pelissier, dated July 12, which states that, according to the report of a deserter, Admiral Kornilloff died on July 9 a ball in the forehead, on the 11th, in the Central Bastion. The construction of the batteries of Careening Bay was being carried on with great energy. As Nachimoff has been killed twice before, the fact probably needs some better confirmation than the testimony of a deserter.

A despatch from St. Petersburg confirms the intelligence received in Stockholm, of the bombardment of the fortification of Lovisa, and further stated that the Prince of Prussia had arrived in the Russian capital.

Intelligence from the Crimea to the 19th of July, states that the operations of the siege were going on well, and that the health of the army continued satisfactory.

We learn, by way of Paris, that at Kars, on June 19, the Russians continued their movements to surround the town with 27 600 infantry, 6,000 cavalry, and 70 guns. The town was well provided, contained the enemy, with resolution, orders being given to hold out to the last, and to blow up and to retire upon Erzroum. The Turkish General declined renewed enforcements of men only. Up to June 30, nothing new had occurred at Yenikale.

The Siecle says that the programme of fêtes in celebration of Queen Victoria's visit to Paris for room is published. The fêtes begin August 17, and will last a fortnight.

The disturbances in Catalonia have been happily appeased.

Count Batthyany.—Mr. Roebuck's motion for a vote of censure on the Government after being debated at great length, was thrown out, in the House of Commons, by a majority of 167, the number being—for the motion 183, against it 286. The debate occupied twenty-six columns of the Times. The Polmerston ministry has lost a new lease of life.

It is stated that Sir Will am Molesworth will succeed Lord John Russell as Colonial Secretary, and that Sir Benjamin Hall will be Commissioner of Works, without a Cabinet seat, and Sir Charles Shelley will be President of the Board of Health.

Parliamentary business, other than the above, had been unimportant.

A Committee has been investigating into the police outrages in the recent Hyde Park demonstrations.

Anthony Gibbs & Sons, of London, are appointed financial agents of Paris.

Dr Arnold, Napoleon's St. Helena doctor, is dead.

In the House of Commons, on the night of the 16th of July, Lord John Russell announced the fact of his own resignation, which her Majesty had been graciously pleased to accept. He assigned the necessity of his resignation to a strong impression held in Parliament and among the public, and decided himself quite contented with his present position Sir R. Lytton received the condolence of Lord John Russell, both with relation to the previous and the existing Government, as well as in the Vienna Conference, and recommended that the confidence of the country were forfeited by the retention of the Colonial Secretary among the advisers of the Crown, and consequent on the resignation of Lord John, the remarks of Sir R. Lytton, which were brought before the House in the shape of a resolution, were withdrawn, thereby saving the Palmerston administration, for the time, from certain destruction.

An expedition, sent in her Majesty's steamer, the Teaser, to compel the chief Bambo Nunick Sake to fulfil the treaty entered into between the Queen of Bonny (Bolwyn), of the steamship Prometheus, in which the chief promised to pay an indemnity of $1,000 for injury done to British property, in 1849, and only earn from $9 to $9 per month.

Bonny.—The round of the Harcourt, in the Bonny, Gulf of Guinea, on the 2d of June, by the Kroomen,

Selected Poetry.

"THE FOUNTAIN."

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

[illegible]

"For once we meet, we meet the great!"

I saw Death's outstretched sceptre wandlike,
Over a mighty host of men,
Of Pitch its Lord force,
Its [illegible] in [illegible]
In one unchanging attitude of stillness,
Where [illegible] the [illegible]
"For once we meet, we meet the great!"

I saw Death's outstretched sceptre wandlike,
Over a mighty host of men,
Of Pitch its Lord force,
Its [illegible] in [illegible]
In one unchanging attitude of stillness,
Where [illegible] the [illegible]
"For once we meet, we meet the great!"

My vision changed: long centuries
Of Death's [illegible] sway
The North still wore her robes of green,
And all the Heavens were gay—
Still young and [illegible] earth,
Was [illegible] verdure to the fall,
And dark, brown women by
Cleaved the [illegible] and the grove
The [illegible] with [illegible] leaves,
A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
Or [illegible] of man, a tree—
The [illegible] in Death's place
I saw them plunge the glittering blade
Into their hearts—an hurled shade
The [illegible] Death's lover—
And ever rose the plaintive cries,
"For Death, sweet Death, we long sleep!"

Where were now marriage rite, nor birth?
Even Love herself was dead—
And Hymen, that old alien star fix, that
Forever hurled
The [illegible] fell their each a [illegible],
And [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible],
Where [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible],
Where ever [illegible] that verbal [illegible],
"For Death, sweet Death, we long sleep!"

* Refer to Washington Irving's exquisitely written account of Sir Leoline's marriage, the French Peasants of Sancerre, and Lamartine's [illegible] of Commerce.

Pictures of Life.

FARMER BURRIT AND HIS LIBRARY.

Farmer Burrit was a plain, honest Pennsylvania backwoodman, who had been brought up very much in his father and grandfather before him, that is, with just knowledge enough to make him a respectable tiller of the soil. For several winters, when farm work was slack, he had been sent to a country school, and having some aptitude, he learned to read and write tolerably well, and to cast up simple accounts. This was his literary education, and henceforth his energies were devoted to that kind of labor which is so necessary to make a practical farmer. On the death of his thrifty father, he entered into possession of a large and good farm, and in due time married. At the time to which we now refer, he had six children, all young, who had come into the world alternately boys and girls, and their father never dreamed of their being brought up in any other way than he and his ancestors had been. Each one was destined to receive a little schooling, and to do a good deal of work; indeed tolerably respective ages. As is unhappily the case with too many farm-houses, there was but a dim light in that dwelling. There was no thought of cultivating the higher faculties of its inmates. They were to go through the dull, plodding life of those who had preceded them; and although the farmer had a good family Bible and Psalm-book, his library consisted of some five ragged elementary school-books, with the necessary annual almanac. It was in this state of affairs that an intelligent neighbor, who had turned his attention from a city business to farming, with the view of recruiting his health, became acquainted with Mr. Burrit, and deeply interested in his family. The confidence he inspired, and the kindly feelings he manifested, made him a welcome visitor, and gave him no small influence. In the course of many conversations, he threw out occasional hints about the proper training of children, and the advantages resulting from cultivating their mental faculties and moral powers. Although he found farmer Burrit and his wife rather dull scholars, who with difficulty could look beyond the narrow sphere in which they themselves had been accoted, he was nevertheless encouraged to give them the upon fine and precept upon precept. Taking advantage of what he supposed a favorable opportunity, he engaged one day in the following conversation with the farmer:

"Neighbor Burrit, I was thinking to-day that you were one of our most substantial and thriving farmers."

"Thank you; I am pretty well to do in the world, but it is because I work my way. I have no idle folks about me."

"True, friend Burrit; and it is commendable in you; but you will excuse me if I say I have felt some surprise that you have not all the implements which a good farmer should have."

"Haven't I, though? I guess if you will look about, you'll find I have all I need."

"Well, I have been looking about, and I have not found half a-dozen good books in the house."

"Oh! that's it; and what do I want with books? What's the use of them? I guess they can't teach the farming. Your book farmers aren't worth much—always trying something new, and coming out with short crops."

"Ah! but, friend Burrit, books teach many good and useful things besides farming; and to tell you the truth, I really think they would be very useful to your children, whom I know you love, and would like to see a little more intelligent than their neighbors'. Now, if you would spend fifty dollars in good books, I will make such a selection as I am sure would be invaluable to your children."

"What! fifty dollars laid out in books! Why, you must be joking!"

"No, I am not! I never was more serious in my life. My only motive for suggesting it is, the interest I feel in your family; and I will promise you that if at the end of six years you repent of the purchase, I will refund the fifty dollars, with full interest for the whole time."

Farmer Burrit looked pensive. He respected the neighbor; he knew him to be a good friend, and although he thought the suggestion a foolish one, yet he was touched at the kind interest expressed in his children. After a [illegible] reflection, as if he knew not what to say, he replied—"Well, well, I will think of it."

In a few or two [illegible] about the house, and before he had had time to return to the conversation, the farmer said, "I have been thinking of what you said, and out of respect to you, here are the fifty dollars for the books; put a fourth office, and I reckon I'm to have it get abroad; but," laughing, "if I hold you to your promise of paying premium and interest at the end of six years, I can't lose much by the investment."

His friend took the money with great pleasure, and because that a new light was shown in dark the former Bonifity household. The books were selected with some good religious books, including several biographies, he had selected a rather little or two of agriculture and gardening, account of general history and natural history, a few good books of travels, and thirteen other books, added to interesting and others to evolve thought. In due time they were properly dispatched in a large box, and the kind friend, thereby familiar with the children, now anxiously showed them how books were to be used, enlisted them to read, and even made them promise to spend some of their leisure time in finding out what the books contained. After some difficulty, he got things into a right train; both boys and girls began to be interested.

We pass over two years. The good had been seen, was there any prospect of a harvest? No one can pass Mr. Burrit's farm without perceiving some improvement. The external aspect of the old homestead has a more cheerful and comfortable appearance. Instead of the straggling and unsightly objects which used to be seen around the house, everything has a tidy look. The grass is growing, the flowering shrubbery creeps up the walls and adorns the pathway, the vegetable garden is in better taste, the ornamental accompanies the useful, and gives evidence that the young men of the family have been studying the books on gardening. A glance inside shows a better regulated family, and more obedient and well-dressed children. Farmer Burrit acknowledges that Thomas, his oldest boy, has got something out of his books which has saved labor and improved his crops.

Other years pass, and the improvement is still more visible. Mr. Burrit, rather ashamed of his deficiencies, has been reading, and marvelous to tell, has spent an additional fifty dollars in books. His conversation has become more intelligent. He knows something besides farming; and his whole manner has undergone a favorable change. The religious books have accomplished their mission. Religion dwells in that household, and has its other there. There can be no completed that books have rendered the children like, for they have been a new stimulus to industry. The farm prospers more than ever, and the farmer has abandoned his prejudices against the various improvements in agricultural implements, and has obtained a good insight into the advantages of agricultural chemistry. Mrs. Burrit has become proud of her girls and boys—and well she may be, for there are none like them in the neighborhood—so matchless, so refined in manners, so attentive to their duties, so anxious to excel.

We should mention that the kind friend who had been the cause of this improvement, had so far recruited his health, that he had returned to his city business; but he had never lost sight of the family. Some ten or twelve years after our narrative begins, he spent a week or two with his old friends. How did he find things then? Changed, most agreeably changed. Jasper, the third son, was obtaining a good practice, as the best physician in the neighborhood; Thomas, the oldest, was the farmer, and looked up to as an oracle in all agricultural matters, and he had exerted a happy influence in raising the characters of all the farmers around him; and Robert, the second son—what was he? It is the Sabbath; many vehicles are on the road that leads to the stone church; the house becomes crowded. In the front pew sits an anxious family—it is the Burrits; the cause is even apparent—Robert is to preach for the first time in the old church, and in the presence of many a one who knew him when a little boy. Although with some signs of timidity, he commenced the service, and before he had closed, there was many a moist eye in that assembly. He had spoken to them in an earnest, affectionate, and impressive manner—one of the most promising young ministers of the day. Elder Burrit, for so he was now officially designated, and his kind-hearted wife, were almost overcome with emotion, as many a strong hand grasped theirs, accompanied by hearty congratulations.

Next day, the city friend smilingly inquired of farmer Burrit why he had not called on him for the fifty dollars with interest in full? With a tearful eye, and a strong grasp of the hand, he said, "Look at those sons, look at those beloved daughters, look at the old people, look at my prosperous business, look in upon our minds and changed hearts, and you will get the answer."—*Presbyterian.*

DIFFERENT CLIMATES ALIKE COMFORTABLE.

An erroneous idea generally prevails respecting climate, as affecting personal comfort. The dwellers in the sunny South pity the New Englanders because doomed to shiver in so cold a climate. They, in turn, bless their stars that they are not wading in the snows of Newfoundland.

I have been led, by observation and experience, to doubt whether the people of any one country have much, if any, advantage, in the matter of climate, over others.

Our ideas of pleasure and pain are intimately connected with, if not based upon, the principle of contrast. In our idea of temperature, we have in view the idea of contrast than to the comparative degree of warmth.

In the report of one of the exploring expeditions in the northern seas, it is said that on a certain occasion the crews were greatly alarmed with the signs of a thaw, the mercury having risen to within 40 degrees below zero. Having been exposed to a much intenser degree of cold, they felt as did the boy whose father had administered to him a severe flagellation, "greatly refreshed."

It may be doubted whether the people of Maine suffer more from cold than do those of Virginia.

Touching the weather, it is much as it is with the tariff—all that the people want is to have the line of government policy settled, to know what can be depended upon. So of the weather. The down-easter, knowing that from the middle of November to the middle of April, the ground is to be covered with snow, and uninterrupted cold weather is to prevail, is quite happy and cheerful about him, induces his lungs, braces up his nerves, and thinks no more of the cold than the "rugged Russian bear."

The dwellers in the Old Dominion, on the other hand, regarding warm weather as the rule, and cold as the exception, make no provision for the latter. But when the northern blasts come, as come they will, he wraps his dog-leaf coat about him, and seeks shelter with in the inclosure of his airy mansion, so constructed as to exclude heat rather than cold.

Then there is another consideration which greatly favors dwellers in cold latitudes.—While the earth is covered with snow, there is but little evaporation. The atmosphere is consequently dry, and stores are unbroken. When there is no snow it is far otherwise. The whole surface being covered with water, evaporation is rapid, and the atmosphere is surcharged with vapor, and the peculiar chilliness which characterizes a March wind in New England, prevail during the winter months.

Agriculturally, the sunny region has many advantages. It is better for the soil to be covered during the winter months. That there is any virtue in the remark, "snow is the poor man's manure," I don't believe. But certain it is that grasses and grains are benefited by being thus protected.

Snow is an imperfect conductor of caloric, consequently the surface being protected from the cold of mid-winter, the heat from within dissolves the frost, and when the snow disappears in the spring the frost is gone from the soil.

It is not uncommon to find the grass growing before the snow is off. Fields are ready for ploughing soon after they are bare, so that stock will live and seed may be gotten into the ground nearly as soon in Vermont as in Connecticut. Then, for doing business, the sunny regions have greatly the advantage. Lumbering is with great difficulty carried on where there is no snow. The timber lands in Maryland and Virginia would be worth twice as much as they now are with northern winters for the removal of the lumber.

But I will say no more lest I get up an emigration fever towards Greenland.—*R. H. H., in Plough, Loom, and Anvil.*

☞ Bacon and Eggs.—Lord Brougham hoped to see the day when every man in the United Kingdom could read Bacon—and a meal he could not much more in the parlor. "Mr. Roberts" (Roberts of Birkenhead) "would see his ambition to see that every man in the kingdom could eat bacon."

Selected Articles.

A POET IN RUSSIA.

Pelajayev was thrown by his parents young, while still a student at the Moscow University. Among others, he had composed a satirical poem, called "Sashka," a parody of Pushkin's celebrated "Ruslan." He had attached many things to it in pleasant verse and merry mood, and "the war" was set against. The poem circulated generally in manuscript. After Pelajayev had hanged Pastel, Rosenkoff, and other friends, he satisfied his conscience in Moskowa, in 1826. Other people asked such information as an opportunity of great musical and gardens. Nicholas, however, had entirely ended his apothecary, are in again begin to cast down the counsels of the Fatherland, as Bobrojayev did after the night *Pour Rien.*

The secret police brought him Pelajayev's poem.

And so! at three o'clock one morning, the rector takes Pelajayev, orders him to put on his uniform, and go to the University Chancellerie. There the rector was expecting him. The latter examines whether all his buttons are in order, or if there were any superfluous ones, and invites Pelajayev, without any explanation, to get into a carriage with him, and drove off.

He takes him to the Minister of Public Instruction (Lieven.) The Minister again carried Pelajayev off in a carriage, but this time straight to the Emperor. Prince Lieven left the poet in a room, where, although it was not six o'clock, several courtiers and high officials were waiting, and went himself into the inner rooms. The courtiers imagined the young man had distinguished himself in some way, and immediately began talking with him. A Senator requested him to give his son lessons.

Pelajayev was summoned into the cabinet. The Emperor stood, leaning against a bureau, and spoke to Lieven, while holding a manuscript in his hand. He cast a searching and earnestly glance on the new comer.

"Host then written these verses?" he asked.

"Yes," Pelajayev replied.

"Now, Prince, I will show you," the Emperor continued, "a master-piece of University education. I will show you what the young people learn there. Read these verses aloud," he added, turning again to Pelajayev, who felt in such a state of embarrassment that he was unable to read. Nicholas's glance was powerfully upon him. I know that glance, and I know nothing more fearful, hopeless, than this neutral-tinted, cold, leaden eye.

"I cannot," said Pelajayev.

"Read!" the omnipotent sergeant shouted. This third restored Pelajayev his courage. He opened the volume.

"Never," he told me, "had I seen 'Sashka' so elegantly written, or on such good paper."

At first he found it difficult to read. Later, however, growing more and more excited, he read loudly, and with great animation, the poem to the end. At the most biting passages the Emperor made a sign to the Minister with his hand. The Minister covered his eyes in holy horror.

"What do you say to it?" Nicholas asked, when the reading was terminated. "I will not bounds to this moral corruption; these are the results—the remnants. I will extirpate them. What is his conduct?"

The Minister did not really know how he behaved; but, at this moment, something stirred in him, resembling a human feeling, and he said:

"Excellent, your Majesty."

"This testimony saves thee, but then must be punished as a warning to others. Will thou enter the military service?"

Pelajayev was silent.

"I give thee a means to purify thyself by entering the army. Well, then, dost thou consent?"

"I must obey!" Pelajayev replied.

The Emperor approached him, laid his hand on his shoulder, and saying, "Thy fate depends on thyself; if I forget thee, then cause write to me," kissed him upon the forehead.

Ten times did I make Pelajayev repeat to me the story of the him, so incredible did it seem to me. Pelajayev swore it was the truth.

Pelajayev was led from the Emperor to Dieblitch, who also resided in the palace. Dieblitch was asleep; some one woke him. Yawning, he appeared, read the paper handed him, and asked the wing adjutant:

"Is this the man?"

"It is, your excellency."

"Well, that all right; you can serve, for all I care. I have always been a soldier; you see I have served my way up; perhaps you may also become a field marshal."

This uncalled-for course just was the salutation Dieblitch gave the poet. Pelajayev was taken off to the camp as a private. Thus three years passed. Pelajayev remembered the Emperor's words, and wrote him a letter; there was no answer. A few months later he wrote him a second; no reply to that either. Convinced that his letters had not reached the Czar, he deserted from the regiment to hand a petition personally to the Emperor. He was arrested in Tver, brought back to his regiment as a deserter, on foot, and in chains.

The court-martial condemned him to run the gauntlet; the sentence was sent to the Czar for confirmation. Pelajayev determined to commit suicide before the sentence was executed. After searching in vain through his cell for some sharp instrument, he confided in an old soldier who loved him. The soldier understood him and honored his design. As soon as the veteran learned that the answer had arrived, he brought a bayonet and said, as he handed it to him with tears, "I sharpened it myself."

The Emperor ordered that Pelajayev should not be beaten. He was sent to the Caucasus, where he was promoted to the rank of a non-commissioned officer, after distinguishing himself. Years passed one after another; his melancholy condition, and the hopelessness of ever being freed from it, broke his heart. Become a police poet, and chant the virtues of Nicholas, he could not, and this was his only course to free himself from the bayonets.

Yet there was no other, and this he preferred—he yielded to intoxication to forget his woes. There is a fearful poem of his extant addressed to "Brandy." He begged to be transferred to a carbinier regiment which was quartered at Moscow. His prayer was heard, and thus his fate was perceptibly ameliorated. But consumption was already gnawing at his breast.

At that time, in 1862, I formed his acquaintance. For four long years he thus pined away; then he died in a soldier's infirmary. When one of his friends came to beg permission to bury him, no one knew where his body could be found. The surgeons are perpetual in a soldier's infirmary, they are sold to the university and the medical academy; they are converted into skeletons, and so on. At last poor Pelajayev's body was found in a cellar; it had been thrown among other corpses, and the rats had already gnawed at a leg.

After his death, his poems were published, and it was proposed to give his portrait in a soldier's cloak. The concrete considered this improper, and the poor martyr is depicted in *officer's epaulettes*; he was promoted in the infirmary.—*Mr. Herzen in Bentley's Miscellany.*

Macaulay.—I always prophesied his great. ness from the first moment that I saw him, then a very young and unknown man, on the Northern Circuit. There are no limits to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great; he is like a book in breeches. * * * Yes, I agree, he is certainly more agreeable since his return from India. His enemies might perhaps have said before (though I never did so), that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful. But what is far better and more important than all this is, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might say chicoes, stars, garters, wealth, titles, bribes to him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests. "Oh, yes! we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice," he exclaimed, laughing. "Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have said to myself, Macaulay—Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that!" To take Macaulay out of literature and society, and put him in the House of Commons, is like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence. You must study Macaulay when you come to town. He is incomparably the first lion in the metropolis—that is, he writes, talks, and speaks better than any man in England.—*Sydney Smith.*

☞ Farming Gentlemen.—In an obituary notice of a lad twelve years old, the writer says:—"Maurice was a very bright, proud, active boy; he was very anxious to be a man—always wanted to wear a standing collar."

City Scenes.

TOO LITERAL BY HALF.

Scene—*A "cheap" chop-house, not a hundred miles from London.*

Waiter.—"Pepper? Tomato—Whatever-you-fancy?"

Waiter-of-fact old gentleman (who has been reading the "Quarterly," on "Food and its Adulteration.")—"Had? why, let me see: I've had some horse-tail soup, spiced with red-lead and sheep-droppings: a plate of roast cow, and cabbage boiled with cardigris: a crust of plaster of Paris, baked with alum and bone-dust: half-a-pint of porter brewed from quassia and strychnine: and a cup of charred liver, aconite, and other unknown ingredients."

(*Exit waiter for a straight-waistcoat and a stiff-neck jacket.*)—*London Punch.*

A New Multiplication Table.—The National Intelligencer has the following new method of multiplication, which may be useful to calculators:

0	0	729,000	150,738,720,000
1	1	729,701	150,882,385,121
4	4	729,704	151,025,888,416
9	9	729,709	151,169,230,529
16	16	729,716	151,312,411,456
25	25	729,725	151,455,430,225
36	36	729,736	151,598,286,816
49	49	729,749	151,741,981,249
64	64	729,764	151,885,513,504
81	81	729,781	152,028,883,611
100	100	729,800	152,172,091,600
121	121	729,821	152,315,137,481
144	144	729,844	152,458,021,264

Rule 1.

To multiply any two odd numbers or any two even numbers in the third column observe the numbers in the first column opposite the two given numbers to be multiplied; take half their sum and half their difference; then subtract from the number in the fourth column opposite this half sum the number in the second column opposite this half difference, and the result will be the product required.

Example 1.

Multiply 729,761 by 729,779.
Opposite 729,761 in first column is 1
Opposite 729,779 in first column is 9
Half sum of 1 and 9, or 10, is 5, and half their difference is 4
Opposite 5 in fourth column is 151,598,792,000
Opposite 4 in second column is 16
Their difference is 151,598,776,000
Which is the product required.

Example 2.

Multiply 729,783 by 729,779.
Half sum 8 opposite it 151,598,968,000
Half difference 4 opposite it 16
Their difference 151,598,952,000
Which is the product required.

Rule 2.

To multiply any odd and any even number in the third column, diminish the larger number by one; then proceed as under rule first, and to the result add the smaller number, and we have the product required.

Example.

Multiply 729,783 by 729,778.
Diminish 729,778 by 1 it becomes 729,777
Half the sum 7 opposite it 151,598,968,000
Half the difference 4 opposite it 16
151,598,968,273
Add smaller number 729,783
151,598,739,490

Which is the product required.

The principle on which the above table is constructed is exceedingly simple. The figures in the second and fourth columns are the squares of the corresponding figures in the first and third columns. Now, the difference between the square of half of the sum of any two numbers, and the square of half their difference, is always equal to the product of the two numbers. This is easily demonstrated from the algebraic formula, $\left(\frac{a+b}{2}\right)^2 - \left(\frac{a-b}{2}\right)^2 = a \times b$; and hence, if we have in a table the square of all numbers, the product of any two may be obviously found in the manner pointed in rule the first. If such a table were constructed from one to one hundred thousand, it would occupy just the same space that a logarithmic table of the same extent would; and for the purposes of multiplication, it would be found more convenient than such a logarithmic table, as it would give the result always true to the last figures, while the natural number opposite the sum of logarithms could not be found in the table when the product exceeded one hundred, and the absence of the decimal point would be approximate calculation, which in large sums frequently falls to give the result true to the last two figures.

Our table is very easy to make. It is not necessary to square each number, which would be a tedious operation. It is only necessary to add to a square found double the square plus 1 in order to get the next succeeding square. This is obvious from the algebraic formula, $(x+1)^2 = x^2 + 2x + 1$.

The Intelligencer, in a subsequent number, says:—Our Ingenious correspondent, T. C. G., of Charlestown, Va., has shown that a table of the squares of numbers may be used as a multiplication table, and proposed two rules for its use, one of which will make known the product when both numbers are odd or both even, and the other when one number is odd and the other even. These rules are infallible, being founded on an algebraic formula. A friend, however, thinks it might be better to adopt only one rule, which is general, involving no consideration of odd numbers or even numbers, but adapting itself to all possible cases in the same invariable manner, and therefore proposes the following general rule:

From the square of the sum of the two numbers subtract the square of their difference and take one-fourth of the remainder.

This rule, so short, simple, and comprehensive, is deducible from the general expression $(a+b)^2$ and $(a-b)^2$, with their expanded equivalents, and will give in all cases the product required.

Theological News.—There is a catechism in use at the colleges for Jesuits, of which the following is part:

Q.—In what place will each one arise in the resurrection?

A.—Each one will rise in that place where the largest portion of his body remains.

Q.—In what form will each rise again?

A.—Of a middling stature, with well-proportioned limbs, and each according to the sex previously possessed.

Q.—In what age shall we rise from the dead?

A.—In the age of Christ, as it we all were thirty-three years old.

Q.—Shall the world be inhabited again?

A.—Some think unbaptized children will inhabit it; but none else—not even the beasts. * *

Q.—Is it a sin not to pay tithes?

A.—Yes, it is a great sin. * *

Q.—Where is hell?

A.—Hell is in the middle of the earth.

Q.—Is hell very large?

A.—Not very; for the damned lie packed in it, one upon another, like the bricks in a brick oven.

In speaking of this, the London Athenæum says:

"We do not remember, in the literature of pulse and penalties, to have met with a more curious illustration than this last. We know of but one other which approaches it—namely, in the old German list of retributive punishments, wherein it is asserted that all unworthy clergymen who pass into the next world, will be condemned to pass the whole of their time in reading all the bad sermons which have been written in this. Poor fellows! But the idea is too horrible."

☞ A simple friend desires to know whether the abolition of flogging in the navy includes "spanking breezes."

Wit and Humor.

REPORT OF A FISHY CONVENTION.

All the marine monsters, big fish and small, nearly fry of the great deep, lately met in Convention to take into consideration the conduct of the crew and also of mankind in general. The Whale was elected President, and from his greatness might be termed the Prince of Whales. He opened the Convention by stating that he did not with to make a speech; he would take up as little room and be no longer than possible. (Cheers.) The Shark whispered to the Swordfish, that it was not possible for the Whale to be much longer, for he was eighty feet now; in his opinion he only wanted a chance to spout, and he considered him a regular old blower. The Whale commanded that, notwithstanding his great size, he might add (cheers) he was not exempt from suffering. He had been grossly insulted by man—he would say impaled; not that he would pun upon the use made of his fat, as he did not wish to make light of such a matter. He had been harpooned, at least. Man were arrantic towards him, and he was always spared and pitied. Some of his fellow-whales had been very much cut up and exceedingly tried. He had lately learned that a substitute for oil had been invented, which might lessen the persecution of whales; but he feared it was all gas. The Whale alluded to a harpoon which had lately been found in his back, and which impaled him, and he feared had affected him deeply. (Great sensation.) Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down (on the Shark) amid a general blubber.

The Shark rose with some difficulty, and remarked that the tail of the Whale had moved in fun, but it was very perking. His own situation was far from pleasant. He was by profession a lawyer, and he flattered himself one of the deep kind. (Cheers and laughter.) But business was bad, and he had been obliged to take in a few pupils. He had lately presented a fine opening for a young man who tail overboard, but was soon afterwards obliged to reject his suit as indigestible. Unless he had more cases he should leave the law and open as a dentist, as he was well acquainted with the art of cutting teeth. He then held up one fin, as a signal that he had finished.

The Sea-Serpent did not wish to intrude upon the Convention, as he did not know whether he properly belonged to the fish tribe; did not appear officious. All he asked was not to be classed with the Eel, whom he considered a slippery character. (Here the Eel was observed to wriggle.) Lately, he was nicely pasting a certain species of the Eel, when just happening to touch him, he had been so shocked that he hardly recovered. The Eel hastily rose and said he was electrified at these remarks. It was evident to him that the Serpent was more than half-asse over, and if he was not careful, would get himself into a regular eel. As for his being a "slippery character," he thanked Neptune he didn't belong to such a scaly set as the Serpent. The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale a confounded old swell-head, and was then summarily put out of the Convention.

The Turtle was walking sobers, a short time since, when he met a party of jolly young sailors. The result was, that he was laid flat on his back, and was unable to move for some time, and since he had not felt as lively as usual. There was one thing to which he would call the attention of the Convention; he prided himself upon the purity of his political principles; he was the Alderman's best friend. The Shark had lately insulted him by calling him a "regular old hard-shell." Here the Shark interrupted him by saying if that was not his cross? The Turtle replied that he should say he was a regular old turtle. The Shark had something to lay before the next meeting. The Shark replied contemptuously, "Yes, a few eggs, probably."

The Porpoise did not exactly understand the purpose of the Convention, nor whether all the members were present. The Secretary should call the roll. The Whale called him to order, and was sorry to see him reeling about in that disgraceful condition. His motion was entirely out of order, and he appeared to be attempting to get up a revolution. The Porpoise assured the Convention that his movements proceeded entirely from the motion of the waves, but still he should waive his motion. He then took a back seat, amid cries of "You're a blower!"

The President remarked that he should be happy to hear from some of the small-fry, the Oyster, Lobster, and others, who, if not the "bone and sinew" of the tribe, were at least the backs. The Oyster proceeded to open his case, which was a hard one. He was continually in trouble, and always in some stew or broil. He had family troubles, also; his half family brother, the Clam, was a disgrace to the family, always in liquor, and generally considered a "squirt." Some of the family were very lazy, and spent most of their time in beds. There had been also some families amongst them, creating a great disturbance. He was most respectable himself, his father was quite distinguished, and his maternal ancestors were "Mother of Pearl." He went in for his own rights, and did not care whether the rest got theirs or not. (The Jewish remarked that "dat rush very selfish.") The Oyster continued: there was one of his neighbors—he would not call any names—who were very early and crabbed; that he was a one-sided individual, and no one approved of his manners. The Crab protested against this abuse, and said that the rest took the advantage of him because he was "soft." He respectfully retired backwards.

Here the Cod Fish entered, and apologized for his lateness, as he had been visiting a school. He thought the Whale was badly off, since man took his oil to make lights of. His own case was the reverse of this; they took his lights, (and liver, too, for that matter,) to make oil of. This might be very good for consumption, but it was confounded bad for him. The most alarming kind he had ever heard of was the consumption of Cod Fish. It might be very good fun for man to cut him open and nail him, but to hang him up afterwards, was rather too dry a joke. The Herring said that there had been a disposition manifested to play tricks of this kind in his school, and that lately some of his companions had been badly smoked.

The Shad, too, in his spring migrations up the rivers, had been greatly persecuted, particularly by the members of the Legislature. Man had greatly settled him, and had nearly driven him coarse. He was a superstitious fish, and a most unlucky day to him was Friday. However, he thought his enemies had suffered somewhat in the warfare, and found his tail a regular hemp part. (The Flat Fish was not particularly flattering in reply to the Shad; for he did not believe there was a shadow of truth in his remarks.)

The Salmon, also, had his troubles. He was an orthodox—[illegible] Old Fish, that office, and not not salmon with the Small fry. He spoke ideas of his times in Gaul, and to remove dust of his fathers. The Eel